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THE desert sand, the Arabian cavalry, and the English airplanes—all a background to Oriental intrigue—make a thrilling story in Mr. Shepherd's "An Arabian Knight"

HERE is the story of just how the Western women gave every hour of every day to help win the war. Read Willa Seibert Cather's story, "A Roll Call of the Prairies"

SALVAGE—and junk—and the Junior League; those are what Ellis Parker Butler writes about in his humorous story which we shall publish in July. It is Butler in his best vein

A

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THE PASSING

By Winifred Carr

OVER the long, white road from Lens—over the shell-raked road that leads to the west, the red west where the sea lies and gray gulls wheel—move dark, huddled figures, clinging mutely together, silhouetted against the coming night; high-laden carts, jogging behind plodding donkeys; the low murmur of fear-hushed voices, the wail of a tired child; and beyond, the ceaseless mutter of the guns, like the steady overtone of a great organ that plays a dirge. In the zenith there is a new star. All night they pass, exiles in their own land. . . .

A white road, daisy-starred; birds are nesting in the scorched trees that are putting out timid leaves. Life springs again where all was desolation, life eternal, triumphant over Death!

Over the long road, the road that leads to the west, down to the dancing sea, where the gray gulls wheel, come hastening feet—old, old men with a glad light in their sunken eyes; old women with the spring of youth in their step; smiling girls with field flowers in their hair; mothers with trudging babes; and young men who laugh at the girls and help the old women with their bundles—going, going back to the love and glory of France. Birds careen above them and little children laugh. Wild poppies dye the meadows. All day they pass, singing—on the long, white road to Lens. . . .

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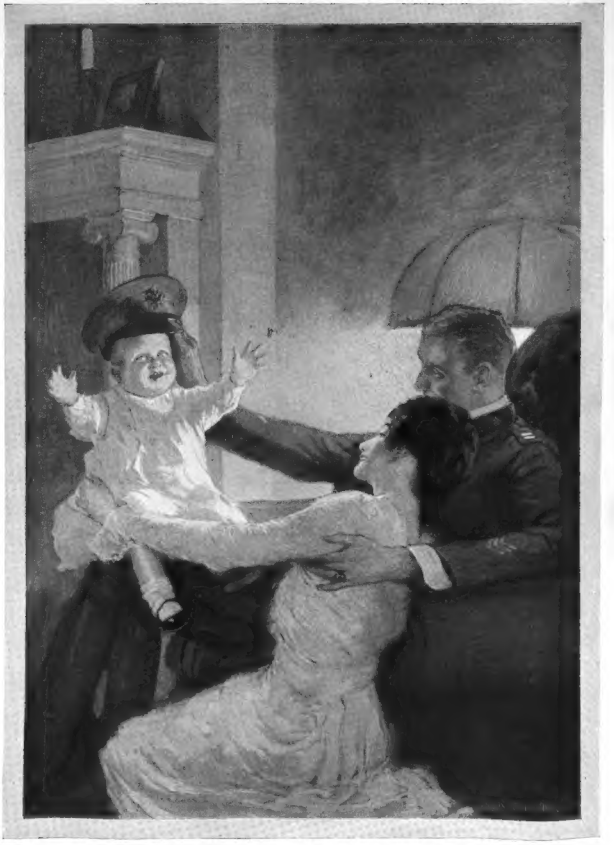

THE NEW COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF

Painted by Angus MacDonall

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THE WILD CHILDREN OF THE URALS

By Louis D. Kornfield

Illustrated by Reginald B. Birch

ACROSS the steppes and through the forests of Russia wander bands of starving children, escaping from the chaos and misery of Petrograd and Moscow. Pursued by fear and tortured by uncertainty, living on herbs, clothed in rags, there enter into the souls of these little children a hatred and distrust of human kind that are like that of the hunted animal. The stories of these struggling bands come to us in fragmentary shape; the picture of the tragedy is incomplete. The mind rejects it as a fact and calls it rumor, until a heart-breaking tale of another band, emaciated and hopeless, corralled somewhere in a desolate frozen waste, cries out that this, indeed, is an actuality too poignant even for tears.

YOU might be in the shabby street where soldiers pass and droshkies are huddled against the curb; you might be in a noisy café where they drink tea on soiled table cloths and talk for hours across their steaming hot glasses of the better days that were promised but have not come; you might be in the corridors of a consulate or a foreign mission where men, alternately bored and busy, would eagerly disentangle the knots of an entangled country; you might be in a boot shop where a knurly peasant, watching hungrily the repairs upon the heel of his boot, makes the air heavy with his presence—in short, it matters little where you are; there is always some one to remind you of something that you would wish to forget, like the memory of an evil dream. "Have you heard about those children feeding on roots, like little animals—astray?"

And so goes the tale which memory tries to banish but cannot, because it is like a dragging wire suddenly electrified into life again by a bit of fact which some one brings across Siberia, from Chita, from Irkutsk, from Omsk, from Ekaterinburg, from that droning reservoir of misery and aspiration which men call Russia. Then the story for those who would eagerly dismiss it, with the consoling thought that "they must have all been saved anyway," burns upon the conscience and drags into the vapor of the tea glasses pictures of children who have not been saved, children wandering along desolate stretches of railroad track, adrift in country as open as the sea, beyond the reach of human help.

"And they say," one of your informers remarks, "that some of their teachers abandoned them. How could they! But there you have the stomach—when the stomach demands, the conscience goes to sleep and children are left to perish."

Then comes something more definite, perhaps just another fragment, but at least authentic because it comes from that square building with a concrete front and large Russian windows through which the shivering refugees may be seen standing at a rail and mumbling their woes and their needs into the eager ears of American Red Cross workers. Here you find that the chief of the Siberian Commission has just returned from one of his trips west, and that he knows of 1,800 children who have been corralled near the Urals and distributed to centres where they could be clothed, fed, and taken care of; that they were sick, starved, distracted children who stood around with tired, questioning eyes, as though wondering whether they ought really to turn their backs and run away; children who had to be assured, first of all, that even though the old world was cutting wild capers and flinging them around for some reason they could not understand, a place could still be found for them somewhere.

"We caught hundreds of them near the Urals," the commissioner tells you. "The waves broke there—those we could get, we got—the others we could not get."

You wonder about those others and he wonders with you, and those who hear and talk about it, think of the

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Most of them toiled on desperately, holding their charges together, vehicles could be had from the peasants, waiting, tramping, begging

winter months and find their only comfort in the fact that, "Well, if they were not all saved they must be beyond suffering by this time." And then you get something of the whole story.

It began last spring when Starvation, born out of the agony of revolution, stalked madly through the streets of Moscow and Petrograd, and parents in despair pushed their young from them in the hope that somewhere and somehow upon the bosom of great Russia that could yield so much, if it only would, the children would find enough bread to keep them alive.

So under the guidance of man and woman teachers and guardians, some three thousand children between the ages of six and sixteen came out of Moscow and Petrograd, seeking the food they could not get in the cities upon the farms of the country districts where they offered the peasants all the labor their hands were capable of in exchange for the bread that they would eat. Those who were older, between thirteen and sixteen, were really deserving of their bread for they could work and were willing to work, not only for themselves but also in the throbbing hope that by their efforts they could help the soil produce enough to feed their mothers and fathers in the cities, if it could only be brought to them. As for the smaller ones of six and eight, who could not work but could only stand around and gaze and grow terribly hungry nevertheless, Pity and the older brothers and sisters would have to take care of them.

It was understood, of course, by the parents that in the fall the peasants could not be expected to continue to feed the extra mouths, and that the children would have to return to the city and to starvation whence they came. At any rate, the elders felt that they would have been fed at least during the summer which was much better than starving, even though no better fate awaited the youngsters when they would return for the winter.

Children of all classes they were. Ragged, hungry children whose fathers, desperate with yearning, were trampling madly on all that went before and seeking to create out of chaos a new order in which their children might never know hunger again; children more fortunate, better clad, better fed, whose fathers, desperate with fear, were resisting the new and clinging madly to the old order so that their children might not lose what they already had. Of the hatreds and quarrels of the fathers, however, the children knew nothing as they came forth from the cities in separate Bolshevik or bourgeois groups or often together, all thought of distinction in such instances being rapidly dissolved under the pressure of a common purpose which was to find food and to escape from the spectre of starvation that hung over their quarrelling fathers. In this

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pushing them along on foot, piling them into carts wherever such and waiting again, some days feeding and some days not feeding

common purpose they became one, those of an age of reason knowing only of a will to work, and those not yet so old, knowing only of a desire to eat.

Well enough. You heard that they did get food. In the rich wheat and rye districts of West Russia, they were distributed and farmed out to peasants who put them into the fields, to sow, to plow, to hoe, the sun rising and setting each day on the backs of hundreds of little willing workers as they enticed from the yielding soil the rewards of their labor. Those who were bigger worked all the harder for knowing that they had to make up for what their smaller brothers and sisters could not do.

Thus the stronger provided for the weaker and all had food. So rich, so generous was the soil that the older ones could not help wondering why their fathers in the city quarrelled and starved when there was so much food to be had, if they would only stop quarrelling and have it moved to the city. Each day they worked, each night they slept, Bolshevik and bourgeois children side by side, drawn to each other by the companionship of work, seeking nothing more than their needs and solving for themselves, at least, all the problems that distracted their fathers—eating while their fathers were starving, loving while their fathers were hating, living while their fathers were dying.

But after the golden wheat had been garnered and the sun began to set on shorn fields, there was nothing else to do but to turn their feet back to the cities, back to their elders, back to streets over-run with agonized hungry faces. And from the moment that these children, who had solved their own problems so well for three months, turned toward their elders the misery began.

Barring their road homeward lay the "Bolshevik front" which the passion of revolution and class hatred had now erected against all who would check the destructive course by which a hungry proletariat chose to find its own salvation. What lay on either side of this front in the shape of motives and antagonisms the children did not understand. For them, like all the other fronts—the German front, the Murmansk front, the Ural front, the southern front, and all the lesser fronts that had ripped open the back and sides of staggering Russia in the past four years—this front, too, had become the edge of a bleeding knife against which children dared not move.

Nor did the Bolsheviki lure them on, even though many of the children were their own. On the contrary they drove them toward the opposite direction, knowing that behind their own lines there was nothing to offer but starvation, while behind the Urals and the lines of the enemy there was food and clothing for the young and agencies of relief that would take care of them.

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Nothing for the children to do but to pack into such carts as the peasants would give them and, with all the food they could assemble, move on toward the Urals.

From station to station, over hundreds of versts of dreary road they travelled, begging food from one village, then from another and then from another, lingering for days along the way in the hope of a train which never came, sleeping at nights in little railroad stations and abandoned factories that were four and five versts removed from the nearest village—tired, coughing, crying children clinging to a handful of men and women to whose care they had been entrusted but who had nothing now to offer them but increasing anxiety, increasing impatience, all born out of an increasing fear, as days and nights of misery ate at their nerves, that they might be leading a lost hope into nowhere.

Along the road over which the snow began to fly, some peasants took pity on them and some of the children were taken in for the winter; but most of them had to keep moving on toward that distant goal where they were told they would find food and care if they ever reached it. And so on they went, their path as they moved through western Russia to the Urals becoming an ever-widening trail of agony and suffering. They began to separate and scatter, owing to the differences of their guardians who could no longer agree, one insisting upon taking her group in one direction, another insisting upon taking his children in another, a third insisting that he had had enough and would throw himself and his charges upon the mercy of the nearest village for the rest of the winter, or wait for a train. So the elders quarrelled and separated, and the children followed where they led.

IN THE meanwhile the winds grew sharper, the railroad stations bleaker, the shoes thinner, and the roads much longer between the villages where food could be obtained. Children who became so sick that they could not be moved had to be thrust upon the hands of peasants whether the latter could care for them or not. Most of the guardians tried to hold their charges together; but as weeks passed into months, and they were still struggling on foot or in peasant carts toward that distant Ekaterinburg, Ufa, and Kurgan where they heard they could get help, many of the elder attendants, in despair, became victim of thoughts which crowded upon them incessantly, making them irritable, worn, desperate men and women in whom a child could no longer find a kind word, a gentle touch.

These thoughts were of food, clothing, freedom from terrible anxiety which might be yours if you could only be relieved of the burden of clinging, pulling, crying children. It was so much easier to find food for yourself if you had not a hundred children to feed besides. It was so much easier to find lodging with a peasant for yourself, if you had not a hundred children to lodge besides. Alone you could eat and sleep and live; but with a crowd of children on your hands, there was nothing to do but to move on.

In short there was so much better chance in separation, so far as these men and women were concerned, that many of them, much as they hated themselves for it, could not help but brood on the hopelessness of holding on, when holding on pointed to nothing but a weary, painful wrestling with packs of children over an interminable road.

BUT if all of them yielded to these thoughts at some time or other, most of them courageously put them away and toiled on desperately, holding their young together, pushing them along on foot, piling them into carts wherever such vehicles could be had from the peasants, waiting, tramping, begging, and waiting again, some days feeding and some days not feeding, until finally after months of suffering over hundreds of miles of country, the frail lines of rags and misery, creeping up from various directions, wormed themselves into points near Ekaterinburg and Urbit and Ufa, from which eager bands of Red Cross workers rushed out to meet them.

They could not have lasted much longer, these mobs of children unwashed for weeks. The clothes on their backs were in shreds; the shoes on their feet were in rags; the thoughts in their minds were threads. Rapidly, the diseased were segregated from the well, though, in the lot, there was not a child who was not in a wretched state mentally as well as physically, hundreds of them being unable to recall who their parents were.

Nothing to do but to wash them, warm them, and feed them. This was done with as much success as facilities permitted, after which the youngsters were piled into trains and sent on with nurses to refugee points at Urbit, Tiumen, Kurgan, Petropavlovsk, on this and the Siberian side of the Urals where they could be better cared for.

So much for these children. Concerning the others, whose guardians could not put away the thought of interminable misery over an interminable road, it was a different story. In the cafes, where it is warm and smoky and comparatively comfortable, you hear them condemned bitterly and loudly by some, but never so much but what some voice rises to defend the accused in tones of that maddening suffrance which so often enables a Russian to tolerate every side of a situation. "After all, they were human," you are told. "They may have gone just as far as they could—no signs of help—no trains— only tracks rushing into the horizon day after day—would be enough to make any one despair."

At any rate you are forced to agree that no one could wish such a guardian a worse punishment than that which he carried with him in the memory of ragged youngsters sleeping on the floor of a deserted railroad car, while he dropped over the side to the road and slipped off into the night doing, under the cover of the darkness, something he would not have the courage to do in the day when the challenging faces of children would make him conscious and ashamed of his inmost thought.

Whenever this happened—you learn from scraps transmitted by older ones who could finally tell of it—the youngsters waited all the next day for their guardian to come back, and all the next night and all the follow-

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"Now and then a big moujik *pulls up to a relief centre, carrying in his cart the frozen relic of suffering, only to learn that there is nothing to do but to bury his burden in the ground"*

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ing day, some of them trudging four, five, and eight versts across a windy road to find him somewhere, others scurrying up and down the tracks in either direction in the hope of meeting him on his return. Most of them just waited tirelessly as children can wait when they are helpless, eating of the bags of black bread that they still had, and often anticipating, as they waited, a thrilling moment when their teacher would return to them, quite suddenly, with arms laden with good things—as children love to have a father appear after waiting for him for ever so long.

But he never returned. Only some older boy would come back after a long exhausting search and relate to his companions in a rushing startled voice, as the smaller ones crowded around his knees, that he had looked everywhere—"just everywhere" that he could not find him, that he had probably gone off and lost his way and was just lost—"that's all."

IF YOU had once witnessed a group of refugee children not far from Vladivostok under somewhat similar circumstances, when a guardian had disappeared and could not be found, you would have no difficulty in imagining what the scene out there in the railroad car must have been like. The older boy, who has been out hunting, reports that he cannot find him and the younger ones, out of that peculiar sense of propriety which makes children cry because they think it's the proper time to cry, immediately begin to bawl. Then the boy turns on them with an impatience that really springs from a sort of secret despair and shouts, "What are you crying for any way? You see that's why Ivan went away. You cry all the time and make him crazy How can you blame him? Now shut up!" And the little ones stop as suddenly as they started, blubbering now only with their eyes; while the boy, wholly absorbed in a newly acquired responsibility, turns away muttering to himself, "*Boshe-moi* what's to be done."

That is all the story you can get, for from that point on fact merges into rumor and rumor merges into fact. You learn that many had perished in the cold, in deserted hovels, in box cars, in mounds of earth into which they had dug themselves for protection against the wind and snow You learn that some were fortunate enough to be rescued by peasants and cared for; but that many, many others, hundreds of them drifted off the roads into fields and woods, where for months they lived on roots, grovelled madly in the ground for an old potato, bundled themselves in rags and fought each other for the worn-out scraps of shoes around their feet. The same children who had worked so cheerfully and earnestly in the fields, earning their own bread and the bread for their smaller comrades who could not yet work—these same children, big and small, now tore at each other for pieces of rags, so that those who were bigger and stronger got the rags, while those who were smaller and weaker cried their eyes out and froze.

Near the Urals peasants ran across flocks of them suddenly trailing over a hill, ragged, dirty, staring children running from human approach in fright and clinging to each other for protection like sheep in the wind. Hundreds were captured—wild, uncontrollable creatures who had lost all sense of intimacy with the human touch. American Red Cross workers, with great difficulty, assembled them in factories, in houses, gave them food, clothing, and medicine but could not win their confidence, for rather than children being cared for after such suffering they acted like tired little animals suddenly tricked into some sort of captivity from which they would willingly escape if only they had the strength

Being cold and hungry, they seized at the food and clothing and ran off into corners, afraid of the very hands that would caress them. Kicking and screaming they would resist any friendly approach as though in mortal fear that it would end in deception. So long had they been left to their own resources, so much had they suffered, that they trusted no hands to touch them

Only with the greatest difficulty could they be bathed and washed and fed with the medicine that their bodies so sorely needed because they had come to dread the human touch that had once abandoned them, as something that could only cause them damage and pain.

Some of them soon died of disease, wracked with fever and distrust, under the very hands that would save them. Others, whose whereabouts are not yet known, are hiding somewhere starving with hunger—and suspicion. You know that many have perished, for now and then a big *moujik* pulls up to a relief centre in Ekaterinburg, carrying in his cart something wrapped up in a piece of sheepskin. Dead when he finds it in the corner of a broken-down freight car, he thinks the relief workers might still do something for it, so he brings the frozen relic of suffering many miles through a biting wind, only to learn at the relief bureau, as he stands there clumsily fingering a fur cap, that there is really nothing to do but to bury his burden in the ground. So he drives away, really wondering why it was that nothing else could be done for the little bundle that rests meekly behind his huge lumbering back as his cart moves along the road toward the bleak horizon He carries it back to his village, where even then he ponders long before he finally puts the body into the earth and sticks a withered branch over the mound.

THE whereabouts of some fifteen hundred of these children is still a mystery to the relief and refugee workers. Perhaps they are taken in, and perhaps most of them have perished, but their fate being unknown, rumor keeps them alive and hungry somewhere in that space from which they send their bitter challenge to the hearts and conscience of those who drink tea in cafés and talk and drink tea again. "For after all," you are told, "it is not at all pleasant to have to think of those children—innocent things, you know, who worked so beautifully in the fields and fixed their little lives so that they could live—" Or, if you happen to be in the boot shop, the peasant nods his shaggy head and remarks from the profound depth of a simple thought, "Just think. Children that no longer trust. There is a revolution for you—" and you wonder whether the Russian can really be without hope, so long as he recognizes the enormity of the price he is paying when "children no longer trust."

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THE FRENCH WOMAN AND HER NEW WORLD

By Ida M. Tarbell

Illustrated by Lejaren A. Hiller

Rodin's 'Thinker' "sits with brooding brow looking over Paris the embodiment of the question which lies deepest in the soul of this land: How now? What are we to do?"

THE most impressive and significant figure in France to-day is in bronze. It is that of Rodin's "Penseur." He sits at the foot of the Panthéon, with bent head and brooding brow looking over Paris and France, the very embodiment of the question which lies deepest in the soul of this land: How now? What are we to do?

Coming upon him unexpectedly, as I did after a few hours in a once well-known and always well-beloved quarter, after looking on street after street in which not more than one third of the once-busy shops were open, after passing point after point which had been riddled by bombardment, after finding gone all the gay, aspiring beautiful youth that once made this the most joyous spot in France, the great figure seemed to be asking the same question which had taken possession of me. What are they to do? Where are they to begin?

More and more as I look about and ask this question, I am convinced that if this battered, rent thing is to be restored — and it must be restored for the sake of the world's civilization it is the French women who must mainly do it; not the politicians. Let them do their best—or worst; it is not they that will lift and save France. It has got to be done from the bottom, down where people live in love and labor. And it is the women who will play the chief part in the peace which has come is not unlike that of the poilu in the war that is past

THE world is now in turmoil and disorder, the hesitation and worry of the after-war conditions. America has a touch of it. France bears the full brunt—pressed down and running over. Miss Ida M. Tarbell, who has gone to France for THE RED CROSS MAGAZINE, *is studying the complex and distracted conditions the French women have to face—the rebuilding of a new life, the problems of a nation which has lost a million and a half men from her industrial world The French woman stands dauntless before conditions never dreamed of. Miss Tarbell will show in this and her following articles some of the problems in front of the French woman and how she is meeting them.*

They come to this work with the most terrible handicaps. Indeed, it is these handicaps which force them to the work. First, they have lost their men. When the war began there were, let us say, 20,000,000 men in France. The figures that we get now of the actual death through war are not entirely reliable, but in the Senate and Chamber of Deputies they are speaking of 1,400,000 killed. And they are the very flesh of the flesh and heart of the heart of French womanhood, for they are the young husbands and those that were to be husbands. The great body of the killed have

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been the young, the working young. That means that mothers who were relying on sons have lost them, that wives and children who depended on husbands and fathers are without them. One can hardly understand how terrible that loss is unless he understand something of the French family, that thing which in our ignorance we so often declare does not exist. Family life does not exist anywhere in any country in a more intimate and responsible fashion, with a fuller recognition of its relation to society, than in France. The visitor sees little of it. It is like the gardens in the French cities and towns. "They have no yards," I hear our Americans saying again and again. They do not know that behind these rows of house-fronts are almost invariably little gardens, cherished, furnished, gay, and always in use when the weather permits. The family is still here in France as is the garden, but terribly lacerated. It is heart-breaking to go into these houses and have them show you the lists of those near them that are dead, appalling lists sometimes in length as well as in the nearness of the relationship.

THESE women are not only facing the problem of being stripped of their men, but they are facing the agonizing one of making a life for the great numbers that have come back to them more or less mutilated—the blind, the legless, the armless, those whose brains have been stupefied by gas or other horrors. They come back into families worn by four years of privation and suffering, and the women must somehow build them up, help them to learn to live. For the most part the men are brave—at least on the surface. There is an organization here of blinded soldiers who publish a little paper, *Rire Quand Même* (*Laugh All the Same*). That is the outward spirit, the face they show the world. But the blind husband or son or father in his home is not always going to "laugh all the same."

One sees plenty of evidences of the difficulties The other day, waiting for a motor bus near the gardens of the Luxembourg, I had an illustration of it. It was Sunday and, coming down the street, out for their regular Sunday promenade—that is, taking up their old habits at once—came a woman of twenty-five or thirty years, her arm linked in that of a blind man, his eyes still bound up. The two were walking gaily, laughing heartily, with every appearance of the old-time Sunday holiday spirit. I don't know what it was that fell or exploded just then—perhaps the tire of a passing automobile—but whatever it was, it threw the blind man into panic. He turned white, staggered, grasped the woman. It was beautiful to see and hear her. "There, there, my boy," she said to him, "don't be foolish. You, you who were not afraid of all the guns of the Germans, to jump at a little noise in a peaceful street when I have hold of your arm. That is not courage You are with me, you are safe. Shame on you." He promptly took the cue, straightened up bravely, and smilingly went on.

These were common people; probably before the man went away he was a little merchant just commencing his business. But you see the same thing on the other side of the water in the Champs-Élysées quarter. I have seen distinguished women there, who probably never before in their lives had had a care or responsibility, trying to teach husbands or brothers or perhaps lovers, who had lost a leg, to walk. I saw the other day a handsome gentleman, correctly and fashionably clad in civilian clothes, with a little woman by his side, both trying their utmost to carry off the thing with style as well as with courage.

One can easily imagine how this problem of teaching the mutilated man to go about courageously under his handicap is complicated often by the mood of the individual. They don't all take it like the little blind merchant and the elegant gentleman. And the woman thus has the problem not only of the physical handicap but of the moral and spiritual. Nothing but great courage and common sense are going to see her through

The woman who perhaps has lost her man or who has him back more or less mutilated, has been separated in all classes from her child. The war cut down her resources, destroyed her trade, shut up the shop in which she and her husband always had worked together. She closed her home, put out her child, and went to work. The separation has been hard, how hard one can see on any Sunday afternoon at any one of the institutions where the children are grouped. If the mother is within reach she always goes, carries little presents, cuddles and loves the little one until visiting hours are over. Then come tears on one side and screams on the other. The woman wants her child, but she must have some kind of a home for that, and for a home there must be money, and for money there must be work.

WHATEVER her handicap—the death of her man, his mutilation, or the loss of support—for the great mass of the women of France, in towns and country, the great need is work, and it is for work that most of them ask. "Give us work and we will do our part," an intelligent woman of education and refinement said to me, as she bent over the child she was visiting at one of these blessed centres supported and directed by American generosity and devotion.

She must have work in order to do her part in recreating France, and there is the rub.

Begin at the bottom and look for a moment at the labor situation for the masses of these women. It is an old story —the way they ran into the munition factories, and, indeed, into every kind of undertaking which contributed directly or indirectly to war needs. It is true that in France the upper-class women did not seek the factory as in England; but great numbers came from all other kinds of employments, many of them driven out of those employments because the war had made them useless. They came in great numbers from the country, from fourteen or fifteen years up. Now these factories have closed and a very serious situation is resulting in the cities and industrial centres. The women of twenty-five or over that have been a little steadied by life, and those who have families where they came from, are going back. About one-third.

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"There came a woman of twenty-five, her arm linked in that of a blind man, his eyes still bound up. The two were walking gaily with the old-time Sunday holiday spirit"

they say, of the number that were in the munition works in and around Paris and have been discharged have returned to their homes. The other two-thirds, practically all of the young women—those who went in at fifteen or sixteen—are refusing to leave the city. There is unquestionably a group that are refusing because they have taken on the vices of the city.

The spread of drunkenness among French working women since the war broke out is worrying everybody who comes in contact with it, the more because the French woman has been a sober woman, content with her glass of wine or her drop of cognac; but many of these young munition workers have become drunkards and have taken on the free street life that goes with it. They won't leave Paris now because they are what they are. One finds them doing all kinds of things. I ran into a bevy of them the other day before a famous church, selling little mementoes of a famous saint. They had been nice girls once, but you knew by their faces what they had become. I talked with them a while. They were quite frank. They would never leave Paris for the country; it was too slow there. They would find something better than selling *reliques* soon. One can imagine how the Commission on Woman's

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Work is exercised over this group, for it means that if its members somehow cannot be saved, most of the girls will land in that terrible lowest life of Paris, a life which for pure brutality I fancy cannot be equalled in any other city of the world. If one wants to know what it is, he should read that powerful and terrible book, "Le Tigre et le Coquelicot." There you have what they tell me is a true picture of the ferocity and bestiality of those whom we know as the apaches. To keep from that group these young girls whom the war has already injured is no small problem.

BUT if some of these women are remaining because they have succumbed to the vices of Paris, there is another much greater group who stay because they are ambitious. There is no doubt about it. The modern spirit is working hard among the French women who have, for centuries, so contentedly remained where they were born doing the things they had learned to do. They are not satisfied to be working women in the old way. They want to better themselves. Few of the girls who have been released from munition factories are willing to go into domestic service, though there they might earn more money. Indeed, at the moment, a maid can, among visiting foreigners at least, almost fix her own price. They tell me at the employment bureau for women, which was opened by the Labor Ministry two years ago particularly to take care of the labor situation among women, that there are several objections in the girl's head: The hours are practically unlimited; there is a certain social disadvantage; you are less free; you have no opportunity to "get on." It sounds familiar! It is the domestic-service problem of the United States beginning here as a direct result of the war experiences of women. There is only one solution for either country. The employment must correct its disadvantages; get itself on a business basis; make a dignified trade of itself.

And they don't want to *sew!* While the war was on, the munition factory had for the French working woman a real fascination She left her employment for it. Indeed so many women went out of the clothing industries that it was at times difficult to get enough employees for work on uniforms. They preferred munitions, as it was more interesting, more exciting, and a change. Now the munition works are closing and the woman wants still less to sew—or to do anything she did before If she had a good trade before the war, as so many of them had, we may wonder why they do not return. One reason is that so many of these trades are slow in re-opening; they cannot do so until the army is demobilized. Another is that they have not only lost the taste but the *touch* for their old handicraft Making shells spoils the fingers for making lace; cleaning streets and sewing up sand bags ruins a hand for silk weaving. They are spoiled for their old trades. It is one of those unexpected fruits of war that will be realized more poignantly as time goes on and as the men return.

So here we have it—the new trade shut down, the old one lost, and a new ambition born. This ambition is epitomized in a word which you hear on every side—*re-education.* It is the necessity and aspiration of the moment. Hundreds of working women look to clerical work to satisfy their new need and hope. Of course few of them have had the proper instruction to become useful clerks, but they learn a little typewriting and filing and take the necessary examination. In the first half of 1918, there were more than 62,000 applications for office work of some kind made at the woman's employment bureau of the War Department. Only 9,000 of these could be placed. Some 16,000 of them were of the class that I mentioned—women who wanted to improve themselves and yet had had little instruction. At the same time, not one-tenth of the women offering themselves as stenographers were really skilled.

This ambition of the working woman to make her way into the clerical class has little promise at the moment. The gradual closing down of the war machine is already beginning to displace French clerks and stenographers. A French friend of mine, who has sixty or seventy skilled woman typists and clerks, tells me that he knows that in a short time he will have to cut the number down by 80 per cent. He has warned the women but they are taking the stand now that the state, having employed them, must take care of them. They themselves are not going to make efforts to get anything outside! This is one of the weaknesses of the women's labor situation that is encountered everywhere. The state must take care of her. I have run across it again and again in the employment bureaus where women, who have passed examinations and have been put on the lists, sit squarely in their chairs and announce to the directors that they will not look for work outside. that it is the business of the department to find it for them!

ALL of the work in these government employment bureaus, so far as it concerns women, and indeed a great deal which concerns men, is done by women, most of them competent. They handle the flood of seekers for work with both intelligence and kindliness. It is a very trying proposition now that the work to give is so much less than the work that is asked. Take a place like the bureau which recruits for secretary and office work, and where examinations are held for every candidate. It is a most refreshing thing to see the satisfaction which these busy, tired women show in every woman who really passes. A pretty scene in which I was included, simply because I happened to be standing around at the time, illustrates what I mean. A woman of perhaps thirty-five had come with her boy, a fine little fellow of twelve, to see if she had passed. The woman was waiting with the greatest anxiety for, as she explained to me, her husband, who had been a schoolmaster, had been wounded and he would never be able to teach again. He was going to re-educate himself. He was a brave fellow and he would do it, but now it was for her to find something to do. She had learned stenography and she thought she had learned it well, but of course one never knew. These examinations were very hard. The papers finally came and she had passed. Three or four women connected with the machinery of the office gathered about her, laughing

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"The modern spirit is working hard among French women who have for centuries so contentedly remained where they were born. They want to better themselves"

and congratulating her. The boy danced up and down. The woman was the picture of happiness. Now she was the protégé of the state, and her faith that the state would find her something was unbounded. One can only hope that it does, and soon. And if it does, I know that the same joyous congratulations will take place in that little employment bureau.

The probability is now, however, that she will have to wait, and perhaps wait long, for I turned from her to a woman, experienced and much better educated than she, who had been waiting a month for a position. She was one of the cases of which you find numbers now in France—a French woman formerly employed in one of the American departments. There have been hundreds of them. The director of this very bureau told me that he himself had placed more than a thousand, but that as the American departments were now closing down the women were rapidly being thrown out of position.

The necessity of using French women in building up our work in France is obvious enough. At the start we had no woman personnel. It was necessary to draw from the ranks of the French. And we have used them for a variety of work. In the Paris headquarters of the Red Cross to-day there are about nine hundred. They include telephone girls, women at the information desks, postal clerks, telegraphers, filing clerks, typists, as well as those in the positions of skilled secretaries. There are a few women of particular training and ability in advisory capacities. They have been most valuable in the personnel department, for they are better judges of their own countrywomen than Americans can possibly be. It is practically impossible indeed for the plausible but unskilled to pass by these women. They know all the—shall we say, ways?—of their countrywomen and are not to be deceived.

Out of this daily contact of the women of the two countries in our many departments of work in France, results are bound to come. The attitude toward work and the methods of work are very different. Practically no French woman ever finds her whole life in work as so many American women do. They are amazed at many of the things which we require. Our severe business conscience is, I think, rarely intelligible to them They love to lighten labor by floods of talk, discussion, compliments, interchanges of courtesies; that is, no matter what the work is, they feel that they have a right to get some fun out of it. Business is business to us, and we frown on any effort to lighten it, preferring to take our fun after hours and with other companions. Perhaps both sides will be benefited. Who knows? One thing is certain Our methods of work are making an impression on these young women; and when we shall have left the country and they are back in their own bureaus, there is no doubt in my mind but that they will adopt many of our methods, but only after much discussion and skilful adaptation so as not to interfere too greatly with the French attitude toward labor!

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FIRST AID

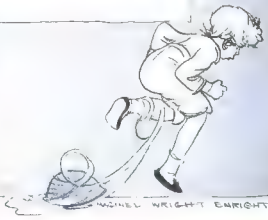
By Ralph Bergengren

WHEN little Joseph climbed a tree,
And slipped and fell and barked his knee,
I was the ambulance that came
And picked him up, and asked his name.
"Honk! Honk!" I cried, and made him run
Because I was a motor one.

Jane was the Red Cross nurse. She got
A pail of water and a lot
Of nice soft rags from where they're kept
To dust with when the house is swept,
And my school slate, which has a bit
Of sponge securely tied to it.

I was the doctor, too, you see
Who told Jane what to do: and we
Washed Joseph's knee all well and good
The way a nurse and doctor should.
And then Jane tore the rags and bound
The place all tightly round and round.

But when we told him it would be
A *month* or *two* at least till he
Could use that leg, he wouldn't play
But got right up and ran away.



The simplicity, the sincerity, the beauty of the Serbian life before the war are artistically interpreted in this photograph of a Serbian shepherd

THE SINGING SERBS

By Constance Wagoner

I ASKED Mme. Grouitch, the American wife of the Minister for the Kingdom of the Serbs, Croats, and Slovenes, the chief pursuit of the women of Serbia.

She replied: "To live"; and then, after a pause: "That's all the women of Serbia strive for now"; and in the eyes of this woman, who has grown to love her husband's land, there shone the light of pity, kindled by memories of scenes that she had witnessed in war-time Serbia.

Heretofore, peace has been the exception in Serbia, war the rule, though not war of her own making, for Serbia is the only country of Europe, the only one in the world, very likely, that has never suffered from civil strife. Brothers have lived amicably together; revolution has never stalked her highways. This happy and ideal condition is largely due to the fine democratic spirit of the country, which is inborn rather than developed. The agrarian laws have provided for equal distribution of land among the peasantry since the twelfth century. Every Serbian farmer knows that his son, at coming of age, will receive his allotted grant of land from the Government, which will make him a man of the world, a Serbian land-holder and, verily, monarch of all he surveys. The community system of cultivation prevails but it is possible for the farmer to purchase a limited amount of land—for there can be no landed estates in Serbia—and become a free-holder or proprietor. Such conditions make for peace, happiness, and national prosperity; and one cannot but realize, upon hearing these facts from the lips of one who knows Serbia and loves it, how little Serbia really needs to make her great, in the eyes of the world, for she has all those assets, all those qualities, that foster greatness. The spirit of greatness lies in her soul.

But I went to Mme. Grouitch to hear about the Serbian women who only ask to live and retrieve a measure of their lost peace from the back-wash of the war.

Mme. Grouitch painted an interesting and, in many

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The market place at Semendria, showing the squalor of the streets in constrast with the buildings. The church shows the marks of Austrian shells

A group of peasants in the poorer district of ruined Nish watching the passing of Serbian troops moving northward against the Austrians

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ways, surprising picture of home life in Serbia. We are just beginning to know this land whose new freedom has come out of the war. Long it has been thought of as a remote part of the world, a land of rugged hills and a more or less civilized people who execute beautiful embroideries, copied by Fifth Avenue modistes and plastered on pillows and on the frocks and knitting bags of Fifth Avenue strollers. The war has made it mean more than this, just as it has made the vast, and to them little-known land of America better known to the Serbs.

The Serbian home is the sanctum of Serbian life, the shrine before which the Serbian heart worships, the altar upon which the products of hand and heart are placed in simple tribute. And the guiding spirit of the home is, of course, the woman, the wife and mother. We must go further, though, and say that while the mother may be the guiding spirit of the home, the monarch of the home is the child. What we are preaching with renewed intensity to-day regarding the importance of the child, the preservation of the child, and the education of the child, Serbia has long preached and endeavored to practise. In spite of the fact that the means to express practically this idealization of childhood have been extremely meagre. Almost Spartan in its creed is the valuation placed upon child life. The child is more than a companion to his mother, more than an heir to his father's business, lands, or wealth; he is the property of the State. He is part of Serbia!

This point of view, in its turn, has made for the reverence of women in Serbia. Women are the mothers of the precious race and the guiding influence of Serbian youth, whose hands will some day rest upon the tiller of the ship of state. Those hands must be steady, firm, and wise. Therefore the women, who instil these qualities in their sons, must be steady, firm, and wise

The Serbian women of the peasant and middle classes, though there is in reality no class distinction in Serbia, fill the rôle of housekeeper, as in western lands, as well as that of wife and mother. There are no better household mothers than the Serbian mothers. Of course, the peasant women of the mountain villages have little means to do with, but they make the most of that little and, even in the humblest home—so humble indeed, that the luxury-spoiled westerner would call it wretched, perhaps—the traditions of the home are carefully guarded.

Everything is sacrificed to the welfare and advancement of the child. The Serbs believe in education, and good educational facilities have been provided. Every Serb boy and girl must go to school, and every boy and girl must learn the great epic of Serbia well

The village of Grdjelitza, a typical Serbian village, with its ever-present dog and the mud that holds up all transportation

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Some idea of how far behind the present days the Serbian is in farming facilities is shown by this ox-cart—to an American farmer fifty years behind the times

enough to quote long stanzas of it upon occasion. They must learn the history of their land and know the ideals for which Serbs have fought and died, the ideals which they are expected to carry on and preserve. Free schools have been established throughout Serbia, and the universities and colleges are open to all and are co-educational, a fact unusual in a country so near the Orient and for four hundred years under Turkish domination.

There is nothing of the oriental seclusion in the life of Serbia's women. They are free in the deepest sense of the word; they enjoy more freedom than any women in Europe, and are better protected under the law than any other women on earth. The Serbs, both men and women, appreciate the educational facilities provided by the State, and no sacrifice is too great in the family that will enhance the child's opportunity to learn, particularly to matriculate in the university. Serbia sets high value on the trained citizen. No Serbian physician, lawyer, or any professional man is permitted to engage in practice before he has thoroughly mastered and completed the designated courses of study and obtained the necessary degrees. A high standard of excellence is maintained. The same rule holds good in all lines of work. Teachers are state functionaries, trained and paid by the State and pensioned by the State after a certain number of years of service.

In a land where the preservation of the home and home ideals means so much, an ideal family relationship is to be anticipated. In the Serbian mind the closest tie of all exists between brothers and sisters. "How tragic the fate of a man who has no sister to mourn him!" runs a line in one of the great poems of Serbia. This ideal has succeeded in establishing a firm and indissoluable family bond among the children that is nothing short of sacred.

The boys are trained in manly pursuits and in the use of arms, for in Serbia every man has had to be a soldier and a fighting soldier if he is young and strong and able. Only when he is old and infirm or crippled can he be a *cheecha*, a non-combatant. The girls are taught the use of the needle, through which they express their natural talent for design and execution in embroidery. Intricate and marvelous designs in metallic threads, arabesques, scrolls, and flowers in all the colors of the spectrum blossom on the hems of their rude, dull home-spun skirts and on the jackets of the men and the linen and draperies of the household. Age enhances the loveliness of much of this embroidery, which is sometimes, to the western eye, a bit startling when new—the gorgeous metallic flowers on the dull hand-woven stuff of their garments. The women weave this, too, and frequently the carpets of the house are products of the home loom.

They are musical by nature. They possess a natural gift of harmony and a knowledge of musical values that we anticipate only in the trained musician or singer. Singing comprises part of the Serbian education. Every Serb must know his battle songs, his love songs,

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Serbian refugees, on the way back to their old home, encounter a Serbian officer

and songs of the home and peace and the harvest. Singing is a favorite form of casual entertainment. The Serbian women derive as much pleasure from an afternoon of song as American women do from a game of bridge. "Let's sing!" some one of a group of dark-eyed women suggests while the needles fly, and they sing, easily and melodiously, songs of old Serbia, each taking her suited part of the melody, blending into a pleasing and well balanced chorus of voices, rich in tone quality, deep in feeling and true in harmony. Through music the Serbs express the spirit of the Slavs, which is an old and turbulent one.

Long they have been oppressed, long beset by rapacious neighbors who continually violated their peace, but never have they been conquered. "The Jugoslavs are unconquerable," say Americans who have seen Serbia, seen her after the great retreat into the Albanian hills in 1915, after her temporary seclusion in the island of Corfu, after her victorious "comeback" when the Austrians were driven from her sacred soil. "The Jugoslavs are unconquerable."

All this is in their songs. Their songs are of hope and love and victory and freedom. The spirit that sings such songs as these cannot be vanquished.

Perhaps, the trend of Serbian culture is quite the antithesis of ours, for the people are taught to express themselves, to give voice and feeling to the emotions, rather than to suppress them after the more stoic manner of the Anglo-Saxons. With us, the mark of good breeding lies in a calm exterior, impervious to shock or excitement, preserving its stoicism under all circumstances, manifesting delight by mild demonstration, curbing all emotion, be it anger, passion, fear, or love. In Serbia, on the contrary, good breeding and culture are demonstrated in the ability to give expression to the emotions—an evidence that he who is cultured knows the value of deep feeling and has learned to interpret it and to build it into his daily life.

It would seem that this were the more natural thing, the positive rather than the negative; and it is safe to say that into the life of every calm Westerner come many moments when he longs for wild music that comes spontaneously, not at the bidding of an orchestra conductor, and free, unpremeditated steps to follow it, and freely shed tears, and unrestrained laughter, that are the heritage of the Slav.

There are no Serbian women in domestic service. At least, there were none before the war. The menial work is done by men, and if there are women servants in the house at all they are Greeks, or Macedonians, or Austrians, never Serbs. If a Serbian woman is taken into the house in any paid capacity, she is on the same social plane as the owner, eating her meals at the family table and enjoying the freedom of the household That was the custom before the war. Now, with so many men dead, so many families disrupted and homes destroyed forever, a great many women have no doubt been forced into positions utterly different than those of the old days. But the spirit, too, is different.

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The common sisterhood that unites the women of the world to-day, and especially the women of Europe, who have known what actual war conditions are, has wiped out a few of the old prejudices. Service is performed in behalf of the common good, to hasten the ultimate end and, in the case of the Serbian women, for Jugoslavia, that Serbia may prosper. For this they have given their husbands, their brothers, and their sons, the labor of their hands, the tears of their eyes, and the blood of their hearts. Serbia has been ransomed dearly.

The Serbs are devoutly religious, observing forty-day fasts twice a year, while their church festivals are always occasions of particular rejoicing and feasting and music. Serbia is part Roman Catholic and part Greek Catholic, dating from the great split in the Christian church in the eleventh century, when the Church divided this land between the jurisdictions of Rome and Constantinople.

Mme. Grouitch has seen, as a delighted observer in days of peace, life in the Serbian village as well as in the progressive capital. She has seen the slow, soft Balkan night come down from the hills and cloud the huddled houses and crooked streets in dusk, and lamps shining through the windows and bonfires starting in the village square.

The night is filled with music, singing voices, and the sound of strings in harmony. It is a night to lure any one out of doors—a night like one of the loveliest and the softest of our June nights. Groups of young girls and boys go through the varying steps of the *kolo*, the native dance, that is now slow and measured, now wild like the wind that comes down from the mountains. They sing, and somewhere in the gathering twilight a musician plays on a wooden pipe whose notes fall on the night like the voice of a satyr singing in the woods. "Better the village should perish than the customs of the village," say the Serbs. The air is soft and heavy with a blend of summer scents. Fireflies dart by like stray sparks in the darkness and occasionally a soft-winged bat passes on his silent way.

This is Serbia at peace—Serbia with her hearts, her homes, and her loyalty, her progress, her steadfastness, and her integrity. She has rightly earned and dearly bought the new day that the war has given her, the new day that years, that centuries of suffering have at last yielded.

With the assets and qualities that are hers there need be no fear for Serbia's future. Her broad ideals of government and fair laws are to be extended to all Jugoslavia, and all this new land needs is a helping hand to lift it over the first steps of readjustment; all it asks is the encouragement and trust of the world.

All those things that make for happiness and prosperity, for the upbuilding of a brave people. Serbia has—a sacred family life, a broad democracy, a liberal government, fair and adequate laws assuring protection and justice to all and, greatest of all, a sublime faith in herself, the nation, for Serbia fights "for faith and freedom," and "surrenders only to God!"

Serbian peasant woman plowing in the absence of all the men at war. She has a cow and an ox for a team

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A CHINESE TRIANGLE

The Story of Corporal Tong, A. E. F.

By George Madden Martin

Illustrated by

Joseph Clement Coll

"THERE is a woman at the bottom of every trouble," says a Chinese adage. Says another, "Three women together symbolize intrigue." Find the woman. I did, and her name was Mrs. Thom Kim, old, withered, with a face as inscrutable as porcelain, and as full of cunning at the moment as the proverbial witch of any old tale.

The victim of her machinations was wee Mrs. Hip Tong, in trousers and a one-piece tunic coat, with shapely small hands and fine fingers, an oval face like a white bud cut in ivory, cheeks and lips carefully rouged, eyes soft-turning under brows which curved like the wings of a swallow, and oiled hair stiff and elaborate as a teakwood carving. Small tottering lily, on feet all of three inches and a half long, Mrs. Tong of New York City was as innocently wise, as ignorantly helpless, and as obedient to imposed authority as any guarded lady of her own orient land.

The sleuth, the flowery-kingdom Sherlock Holmes in petticoats, who so skilfully and subtly inducted me to the heart of the mystery and the uncovering of the plot, was Miss Toy, daughter of Chin Toy, Merchant.

I, who would tell the story, know little of Chinese custom, lore, or nomenclature even as it exists in Mott Street, as my rendering of the little tale no doubt will reveal, yet I know more now than before my first visit to this neighborhood. And while I know less of the background and forces uniting in even the transplanted Chinese woman, I hold that human nature, wherever found, is fundamentally the same.

I met Miss Toy on Mott Street on what I afterward learned was the ninth day of the ninth month of the Great War, though I myself called it October. I did not know she was Miss Toy at the time, this information coming to me later.

She was on her way from school, her books swung by the strap which secured them. She belied her name, being no gayly picturesque wee person appareled like a doll. Believe it or not, Miss Toy, whom I put down as around twelve years old and a most substantial person with black hair bobbed beneath a Blue Devil tam, wore stout shoes, sensible stockings, a plaid dress, and a crimson sweater. Her eyes, however, sloped toward her temples, and her skin was the color of old ivory and as smooth.

I speak of her as substantial. I may go further, recalling the size of her astounding calves and her wrists and the stolidity of her firm broad cheeks, and say that no girl or boy of occidental claims known to me had anything on Miss Toy in avoirdupois. The one hand swinging her books, the other held an open volume bound in scarlet, in which her nose was buried, she being deep in its perusal as she came along.

She looked up as I halted and addressed to her a question, a full sense of her proportions striking me at this moment. Reading me, it seemed, as readily as the book now closed upon a coffee-and-cream colored fore-finger, she spoke calmly, as one who evidently early had her emotions under enviable control, the while she returned my gaze.

"Stoutness with the oriental is rare, but it is considered honorable in a man, and beautiful in a woman."

I bowed my woman's head rebuked. "I want to find Mrs. Hip Tong, the mother of Private Tong, overseas, who lives in this neighborhood."

I saw that she had small opinion of me inasmuch as I did not have the address of my destination; which indeed, written clearly on a sheet of note-paper, had been snatched from my hand by a gust of chill wind a moment since, and whisked away as I was consulting it. I added a word in hasty extenuation. "She lives above the tea shop of Mr. Lee Hung."

"The Shop of Extensive Harmony," said Miss Toy as calmly as before. "At the end of this block turn to your right. Pass a saloon, a shoe shop, and two butcher shops. The number is 380." She reopened her book, lifting it to her nose as before, but before she was swallowed up in the populous currents of Mott Street, where nationalities conjoin and the tongues of men meet, outdistancing me from the start, I caught the title.

One had more than a right to suppose it some tale of the Far East, wherein an almond-eyed princess, the

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supposed child of coolie parents, unaware that her place by right is in a lacquered sedan chair, wearing a gold headdress and earrings of jade and pearls, drifts in her foster-parents' boat with the tide beneath yellow matting sails, "a silver-tongued gong from some passing junk striking the stars into being in the blue twilight, odors drifting back from a laden flower-boat making the air heavy with the sweetness of tuberose, camellia, and azalea."

But no such thing. Miss Toy, so I learned later, went to the public school and, being an ambitious pupil in good standing, with a full appreciation of what such a pupil is expected to read, the scarlet-bound book was Stevenson's "Garden of Verse."

NUMBER 380 proved to be a one-time fine dwelling of brick, five-storied, the ground floor occupied by the Shop of Extensive Harmony. A bamboo pole projected from a window-sill of the third floor, a service flag with one star gallantly fluttering from it.

I found and parleyed with Mr. Lee Hung on the threshold of his teashop. He wore spectacles and a pepper-and-salt business suit. "I am looking for Mrs. Hip Tong?"

He was polite but brief. "China woman upstairs."

"I don't know the customs. Perhaps I had better wait here in your shop. May some one ask her to come down?"

"China woman no come down, not ploper she come down."

"Is it proper that I go up?"

He nodded, explaining that I probably would find her with her sewing, sitting in the hallway outside her door on the third floor. "China woman no sit in her bedroom."

He admitted that he knew Mrs. Tong and, when questioned, said he had heard that she and Mrs. Thom Kim, the janitress of the house which was owned by Mr. Thom Kim, were having trouble, which he readily could believe from the unfavorable reports the friends of each were giving about the other.

Bowed out of his establishment, I went up the stone steps at the side of his shop according to his directions and, opening the door leading from the street into a square hall with a fine old stairway, I came on Miss Toy minus the Blue Devil tam and the sweater.

Rising from her American rocking-chair, she staggered, substantial as nature had made her, beneath the weight of an amazingly well-nourished, not to say solid, coffee-and-cream colored baby, wise-eyed and sage, in a mandarin coat, or such it was to me, and a cap with a tassel.

I forgot my surprise at finding her here in my greater amazement at the proportions of the baby.

"Isn't he too heavy for you?"

"No." (Was it the Orient here rebuking the Occident again?) "He's my brother."

I found myself appealing to her the second time. "I came here in answer to a note saying the mother of Private Tong is without money and in much distress."

The black eyes in the smooth ivory face never flickered. "She is. I got my teacher at the public school to write the note. Mrs. Thom Kim has Mrs. Tong so frightened I sometimes think Mrs. Tong will sit right down and die."

"Why should Mrs. Kim frighten Mrs. Tong?"

Miss Toy shifted her brother, who blinked beneath the tasseled cap. "Mrs. Thom Kim is as bitter as the father of ten daughters and no sons. She had sons. One and then the other died. The year before the war Mr. Thom Kim, her husband, took the ashes of his sons in two blue and white urns, and went home to Canton to bury them with their forefathers in the Graveyard of The Ages. On account of the war he has never gotten back. Mrs. Kim, who is from Canton, can't forgive Mrs. Tong that she is from Pekin, in North China, and she can't forgive her that she has a son."

"Has Mrs. Tong a husband living as well as a son?"

"Mrs. Tong is married the second time to the white flower in her hair."

"She is a widow?"

"Yes."

"I would like to see her. Can she speak English?"

"No. I will take you up."

Miss Toy, disappearing through a doorway, came back without her brother. As I followed her stout calves up the stairs and her broad and imperturbable face looked back at me over her shoulder while she proffered me information, I indeed could believe that the wisdom of the ages, past and present, east, west, and the American public school, were met in her and gazing upon me.

"Mrs Tong has nothing to eat but what Mrs. Kim gives her, or lets my mother and the others in the house give her. Everything she can spare has gone to the pawn-shop. She can't pay her rent, but stays on because Mrs. Kim, whose husband owns the house, lets her stay."

I halted on the stairway. "Has Mrs. Tong no money coming to her from Private Tong?"

Miss Toy waited my pleasure. "Yes, it comes every month, but she's afraid to cash it."

"Why?" I was speaking with moderate caution.

"We don't have to lower our voices; we are the only ones in the house who understand English. Mrs. Kim can't forgive Mrs. Tong that pole out her window saying she has a son. She told Mrs Tong something that makes her afraid to cash her checks, and she quotes the ancient wisdom to her, 'Better keep your spirit out of hell, and your face out of court.'"

"But what has she told Mrs. Tong?"

"That's what you are here to find out. Mrs. Tong won't say."

SHE started up the steps, and again stopped and looked back.

"The original tendency of a man's heart is to do right, and if well ordered will not of itself go wrong. In the unhappiness of Mrs. Kim's heart, she drinks too much *samshu*. Rice wine, taken hot, 15 per cent. alcohol, is as bad for a woman as the black spirit and the ten sins in the heart. She needs her husband to return from China and beat her, so she will be good

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"Mrs. Kim can't forgive Mrs. Tong that pole out her window saying she has a son"

again." Having spoken like a sage—or was it like an American copy-book?—she went on up the stairs.

In the hallway of the second landing Mrs. Lee Hung, the wife of the proprietor of the tea-shop, in trousers and coat, was sitting in an American rocking-chair, sewing and smiling. She arose, bowing repeatedly.

"Bellee sad day," she said to Miss Toy. "Mrs. Tong gets no letter from across the sea."

Miss Toy was unmoved. "Every day cannot be a feast of lanterns."

In the hallway of the third floor, in a penitential straight chair, we found Mrs. Tong herself, in trousers, the long one-piece tunic of her province, and the stiff elaboration of her ebony-black hair. The tiny hands of the fragile little lady were fallen in her lap along with some needlework, and her eyes beneath the swallow-wing brows hurt by reason of their apprehension and their timidity.

She had started at the sound of our coming, but brightened as she turned and caught sight of us, break-

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ing into little twitters of speech sweet as bird calls, and with a charmingly shy movement and look toward me, swiftly gathered together the abandoned sewing in her lap and swayed to her poor wee feet.

"What is it she says?"

Miss Toy, who would have made two of Mrs. Tong, or was it three, showed embarrassment for the first time. "She says 'Mei-Hua.'"

"What does it mean?"

She all but blushed. "It means 'Plum Blossom.' It's what she calls me."

Whereupon, as though for cover of this momentary betrayal of herself, she turned her attention from me to Mrs. Tong, speaking in this person's own tongue. She indicated me however by a wave of her hand.

I gathered that she approved of me, little ground as she had given me to suspect it, since the white-bud face of Mrs. Tong, seeking mine, glowed softly like a lattice pane of her own land with a taper behind it. Before I could know what she was about, she had tottered to me and seizing my hand, an American young woman's athletic hand, used to racket, oar and golf-stick, was pressing her forehead upon it.

"Mrs. Tong says," Miss Toy was our intermediary, "will the gracious visitor come into her poor and unworthy rooms?"

The intermediary adopted a personal tone. "I told her you were come from the high over-lords of the country to talk of their pleasure in Private Tong."

"Oh," I remonstrated, sharp reproof in my voice.

She defended the necessity. "I have to talk in a way that she understands, don't I? I told her the over-lords are angry that she does not cash her checks, and have commanded her to tell you why."

We had entered Mrs. Tong's apartment. The two rooms were plain and scrupulously clean; in the first a bed, two stools, and a straw mat; in the second, seen through the open door, a bamboo table, some blue and white cups and plates on a shelf, and a cook-stove, meticulously blacked, its nickel trimmings so polished that it nearer suggested a household altar.

The stove, so I learned later, set Mrs. Tong apart, marking her as an elect small lady, Chinese women in American tenements as a rule cooking upon a stove shared by the house in general. The stove was cold, however, and so were the two big bare rooms on this frosty autumn day. I remonstrated with Miss Toy in the tiny lady's behalf.

"She will only take what she must from her neighbors to live. Mrs. Kim brings up coal herself in a bucket, and quarrels fiercely when she will not accept it. Instead Mrs. Tong puts on more clothes. A day like this is two coats cold. By and by it will be three coats cold. Otherwise her coats would be in pawn, like her pots and pans and the second bed, but not her stove. She worships her stove."

Mrs. Tong had teetered to the mantelpiece and, returning, put in my hands a photograph of a flat-faced young man with slanting eyes in a regulation suit of khaki, the same so evidently beautiful to her that she wept as she looked on it.

Miss Toy was indispensable. "Mrs. Tong asks me to say that her son is a gift from heaven. He is a sign that heaven loves her. He was sent to her by the master of heaven."

The lady here spoke for herself in what soft pidgin English she had. "Bellee fine son. Bellee fine soldier."

She felt up her sleeve and as it were drawing down a tear with a morsel of handkerchief, wept again. "Splosen he clatch a wound and die?"

She went back to her reader speech, looking now to me, now to the Plum Blossom of her designation, who repeated what she said.

"Mrs. Tong's son, on arising in the morning, went to her bedside and asked about her health and her wishes. His words to her ears were sweet as the mating calls on the tongue of a song-sparrow. Her days were spent in cooking for him on the stove he bought for her, preparing fungus, sprouted beans, chicken in rice wine, jelly of pounded rice and oil, kumquats preserved whole, oranges filled with colored jelly. Mrs. Tong desires you to know she boiled nothing for her son; she placed everything over a pot and steamed it."

The flow of the one voice went on, followed by the steadier tones of the other.

"The prayers of Mrs. Tong are that her son may be worthy of the forefathers she left in her own land, and of the country of his birth that he now defends. She says she regarded him with respect from his earliest youth, for how shall one know how great the man in the child may be? She realizes it is of the utmost importance to educate a son, because those who have brains, go where they may, need never ask for favors. She says he has been studying at a medical school to be a doctor. On Sundays, and evenings and holidays, and during the summer vacations, he is a waiter at a Far

"For Mrs. Thom Kim had dropped to her knees and her gray head was bowed"

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East Restaurant. When he was a boy he used the pennies his father gave him, to pay the children of the neighborhood to come to him with their splinters and cuts and their loose teeth. When he was ten years old he set a dog's broken leg. Mrs. Tong says to tell you her son is Private Tong no longer; he is Corporal Tong, an orderly in a hospital in France."

I spoke boldly, relying on the information given me by Miss Toy. "Tell Mrs. Tong if she is timid about going to a bank, to come with me and I will see that her checks are cashed by the Government, whose servant I am."

As this was made clear, doubt and distraction succeeded upon the little lady's face. She clasped her hands.

Miss Toy was continuing to speak on her own initiative, and with decision. What was the nature of her evident coercion of course I could not know, but it seemed sufficient. Mrs. Tong turning to me, drew about her the long sleeves of her coat, and bowed her elaborate little head submissively.

"Mrs. Tong says what you want her to do is like driving a tiger out the back door while a wolf is entering the front door. She would be saving her son one way to lose him the other. The checks she does not cash." Miss Toy's voice gave a quaver of excitement and momentarily broke; she was human then after all! "The checks are the price for which her son sold himself to provide for his mother while he is gone, and for which he must give himself into bondage on his return. Sons, Mrs. Tong says, have done this and more for their parents these thousand years in China. But thanks to the truth being told her by Mrs. Kim, she has cashed none of these checks; and so her son will not find himself bound on his return."

"As to what you propose, Mrs. Kim has spoken also. No soldier in America has the right to sell himself as a son in China may, though Corporal Tong cannot have been aware of this. If the matter becomes known, it undoubtedly will put him in prison."

THERE was the faintest sound of slippered feet pushing along bare floor, and in the doorway stood Mrs. Thom Kim. Her old flat face was the color of clay, and her lips that were stretched in a smile for the occasion were leaden. The twitching hands showing below the sleeves of her short coat were gnarled and twisted.

Miss Toy, with her cropped hair, plaid dress and stout shoes, made clear what the new arrival, bowing and bobbing, her forehead all but touching the floor, was saying.

"Mrs. Kim makes you a Chinese good wish; she says may you be as full as a peony. Mr. Lee Hung having told her of your call, she hopes you have come to join your entreaties to hers, that Mrs Tong forsakes sadness and considers in what glory a son dies who dies for duty. Mrs. Kim says the more worthy the son the more glorious the dying. That Heaven has the right of choice, and the perfect flower is soonest gathered. Would the otter be killed she wants to know if he had not his rich hide?"

Mrs. Tong during this speech was clasping and unclasping her tiny hands, and at this point her little body swayed.

"Mrs. Tong feels it must be bad news," said Miss Toy, "that first you and now Mrs. Kim have come to break to her."

I spoke sharply. "Tell Mrs. Tong I have come for no such purpose. I am here to see that she cashes her checks and gets the money her son supposes she is enjoying."

Mrs. Kim, on hearing this repeated, eyed me malevolently. She responded in her turn and Miss Toy repeated. "A stubborn wife and a stiff-necked son no laws can govern. The poor only are the friends of the poor. We who would save the son of Mrs. Tong will step aside; she has her new friend. It is as well. A gem is not polished without rubbing, nor a man perfected without trials. A son in bondage is better than no son."

The old voice faltered here, tried to recover itself, and broke.

"Why does she weep?" I asked.

"Because," it was the amazing Miss Toy speaking, in the one language and the other, "Mrs. Kim weeps because she has no sons even in bondage; she weeps because in her heart she is ashamed that she hates Mrs. Tong because she has a son."

IT WAS Mrs. Kim who this time clutched the sleeves of her coat about her, whose eyes fell, and whose head bowed before the accusation. Her face was no longer the color of clay but was leaden like her lips. Mrs. Tong, who had teetered a step nearer, looked from one to the other of us with sloping eyes of wonder. Miss Toy went on relentlessly. Was she, with her calm and unhesitating command of words, her astonishing vocabulary, twelve years old, or was Confucius a child in arms when she was a million? Or was it merely the American public school and the orient child in happy conjunction?

"Mrs. Kim sees the bamboo pole with its flag and star at Mrs. Tong's window, and it is as if a knife-blade's sharp point pierces her heart. Mrs. Kim would give all she has, or all she hopes for, had she a bamboo pole proclaiming her the mother of a soldier and warrior overseas with America's other soldiers and warriors. Thinking to rob Mrs. Tong of the joy she may not share, Mrs. Kim poisons the happiness of Mrs Tong as far as she dares, taking care of her all the while, and furious with her when she will not have a fire."

"Stop," I told this terrible child, this Chino-American young Daniel come to judgment For Mrs. Thom Kim had dropped to her knees and her gray head was bowed even to the coarse straw mat on which she knelt.

I could not stand the sight of the ancient body's abasement, and no more could I stand the spectacle of Mrs. Tong's handkerchief coming forth again from her sleeve to catch anew her tiny crystal tears, this time of astonishment and terror.

"Stop," I said to the terrible Miss Toy, "or I will say you are as cruel as Mrs. Kim has been trying to be. Say this to Mrs. Tong, and then repeat what I shall say to Mrs. Kim."

Go gle

"And it is as if a knife blade's sharp point pierced her heart—she has no son"

I turned to Mrs. Tong with her tear-drops. "Get the checks together which have come to you. It seems that I too, after a fashion, know a little about the Chinese woman. When young she must obey her father; when married she must obey her husband; when her husband is dead, she must obey her son. Corporal Tong expects you to use these checks. It is not true that he has sold himself. The money is earned by him and sent you through the Government. To-morrow morning you will go with me in a taxi-cab to whatever place, bank or otherwise, he directed you to go. Be ready when I come."

"Now say this to Mrs. Kim." But as I spoke I went to her, knelt and put my arms about her, raising her old frame and resting it against my body. My heart ached for the piteous soul.

"I find that I again know some little about the Chinese woman. When heaven takes the mother of the young brood, it is the childless woman that mothers the brood. When the sons who should pray at the

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tomb of the parents are dead, there remain the sons of parents who in turn are dead. Private Lin Tew, of the Bronx, with a labor battalion in France, is dead in the service of this country. The word which came yesterday found the wee new son, also Lin Tew, three weeks old and motherless. Mrs. Lin Tew died one week ago of the influenza."

Mrs. Kim was struggling fiercely within my supporting arm. Her thin voice rose high and mandatory. Miss Toy, alone composed of us all, made her words known to me.

"Mrs. Kim would be free of your arm. She says where is the home, where is the nest of this birdling, son of the dead Lin Tews? She has a friend that she thinks might consider taking him, a person willing to be a grandparent in order to gain a grandson."

Miss Toy, breaking off at this point, spoke calmly for herself, in alternating tongues.

"Mrs. Kim lies, of course. It is she who would fly to the young Lin Tew before some other woman robs her arms of their chance. It is she who never again then would drink the hot rice wine, 15 per cent. alcohol, to quiet the gnawing at her heart. It is Mrs. Kim who desires a grandson. She lies, of course, to save her face. It is time now that I return to my own hallway and the care of my brother."

A SCRAP of a story with a succeeding scrap for its sequel. Nine weeks from the date of my first call at number 380, that day in December that the third big transport bearing returning troops from France steamed her way into New York Harbor, three people went down to the Battery with me in a motor car. There would have been four if Miss Toy's unflinching sense of duty would have permitted her to remain away for a morning from her public school.

The three were wee and lovely Mrs. Hip Tong, dressed for a nipping day three coats cold, her black hair resembling the most elaborate of teakwood carvings; Mrs. Thom Kim with a baby's bottle of warm milk up her sleeve where two months since, if one believed Miss Toy, it was *samschu*, 15 per cent. alcohol; and young Lin Tew-Thom Kim, in what to me was a mandarin coat and a cap with a tassel. For the infant Lin Tew, in the event that his temporary grandmother proved worthy, was to be made the son and heir of the Thom Kims, so soon as Mr. Thom Kim, now on the way, arrived home from China. While it would have been preferred to have him of the same family and blood, he was to have the rights, privileges, and duties of such a child. The friends of Mrs. Kim, indeed, already had brought presents of cloth, jewelry, and pig's feet. As for my part, I was to be officially responsible for the well-being of Lin Tew until he was ten years old, or until the courts sanctioned the adoption.

Some days after my initial acquaintance with the inmates of the floors above the Shop of Extensive Harmony, a proposition had been made to Mrs. Tong through the indispensable Miss Toy.

"Can a woman be a proper parent to a son who cannot speak that son's language? There is a group of busy people in this great city, so busy they have taken on another duty, and are making it possible for the mother of every soldier in New York City to speak English like her soldier son if she will. Shall the mother of Corporal Tong greet her son in English when he returns?"

But Miss Toy went me one better. Turning upon Mrs. Thom Kim who, coming up the steps, emerged at this moment upon Mrs. Tong's hallway, she affixed her with a gaze.

"Shall Mrs. Thom Kim, on trial for three months as the grandparent of Lin Tew, not prepare herself to address the son of an American soldier in the language of his warrior father?"

I had seen Lin Tew made ready for the outing of to-day, and grasped there may have been more of dry-goods than avoirdupois to the brother of Miss Toy also, as I saw him first in his sister's arms.

For Lin Tew's plump and golden small body went first into much underwear of cotton cloth, then into first one and then a second jacket, followed by a gown, padded and thick, a quilted coat lined and embroidered, and over all a bib. Out of the alarming layers his little round face and sloping eyes blinked at me, another wee sage in coat and cap.

We did not hope to see or even to differentiate Corporal Tong, who was an orderly for the wounded on board so we had learned, but by joining the welcoming throngs we would be able to assure him later we were there.

The opinion of our friends, at number 380 and elsewhere, was that we and our car would never reach a point where we could glimpse water and the harbor. The chauffeur and I feared this ourselves. But when the traffic policeman saw our cargo, two ladies from the flowery kingdom, in coiffures, coats and trousers, and the infant Lin Tew, and heard why we were there, he broke every law known to traffic and his calling.

WHEN the mighty ship, loaded to the guards with men in khaki, came steaming into sight, amid shrieks of sirens, tumult, flags, and myriad scraps of paper, white wings pouring from a thousand office windows and soaring, lifting, and falling against the blue, lovely Mrs. Tong forgot herself entirely, not only arising in the open car on her three-inch feet, but mounting and standing teetering on the seat, frantically waving a wee flag of stars and stripes.

More, she raised her sparrow-like twitter along with the tumult and the thunderings of the many. Fruit of two months brave study at English—and here is a question, to whom are those enthusiastic instructors answerable for the purity and elegance of their idiom? —this is what I heard this properest little lady in all New York ejaculating: "Bullee, bullee, bullee, hullah"

On a recent visit to number 380, I met Miss Toy and she actually giggled. "Mrs. Kim says Lin Tew is to go to the public school where he is to outstrip my brother."

She gave me another item of news. "Mrs. Tong has a letter from the hospital that you wrote to, and Corporal Tong, on his discharge, is to be admitted as an interne"

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France lost about one-seventh of her area to the invaders, and in that area could be spared for the farm. . . This spring, France is preparing for the im-

FRANCE FACES

By Edward

Decorations by

THE other day I made my first visit to Rheims. We drove north from Epernay, itself touched by the war, and came to a ghost city, a weird uncanny thing, still dominated, as in the days of its life and prosperity, by the huge bulk of its Cathedral. Rheims sits atop a high plain; not in the bottom of a valley, as some of us Americans have come to fancy it. From the four corners of the compass the highroads lead up to it. And so one sees the gaunt Cathedral from afar. It dominates the city, as I have seen the parish churches of the province of Quebec dominating the little French-Canadian villages: large, gray, tin-roofed, a stately mother-hen watching with jealous and protecting eyes over her little brood round-about.

To the Cathedral we drove without delay. And the wonder and the exultation in my soul was not that it was so badly battered by the cruel guns of the Germans but that it had stood so boldly and so bravely against the four years of attack and, after all, suffered so little real structural damage. Do not mistake me. Rheims Cathedral has suffered, and suffered grievously. And much of the damage—to the delicate sculpturing, in particular—is irreparable. Here and there finely carved pillars have been carried away, saints and angels have lost heads and arms and wings. There is not a façade that is not pitted and scarred by thousands of battle marks.

But Rheims Cathedral stands. And stands firmly. And so will continue to stand, for another seven hundred years, perhaps centuries longer. The foundations, the main walls and—with a single exception—the pillars that are essential to the support of the roof and upper constructions of the church seemingly are as firm as they have been at any time in the past seven hundred years. In the case of that single exception—a pillar near the crossing at the southeast corner of the Cathedral—the French did a typically heroic thing. It was shivered by a big German "305", with the direct result that the corner of the roof structure which it held was immediately imperilled. Whereupon, even though they were under constant fire, a repair gang of French soldiers who were competent masons crawled out upon the structure and firmly secured it with a wall of stout brick masonry.

Here and there one finds to-day gaping holes in the groinings of Rheims Cathedral. But these might be easily repaired in from twelve to eighteen months by any enterprising builder and—as we shall see in a moment are going to be so repaired.

And I am not so sure that it is going to lose even the former glory of its softness and dimness. An architect and an artist, who have made a careful study of it, assure me that the fearful baptism of fire that it received has only softened its harsh, precise lines of yester-

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about one-fifth of her crop production. . . Only women and decrepit beasts mediate plowing and the planting of many thousands of acres of released land

F O R W A R D

Hungerford

Frank Spradling

year. It is mellowed. And the cold gray of its masonry has turned under fire and flame to delicate rose and ochre tints that will only add to the beauty of the rebuilded church. For rebuilded it is going to be.

"Rebuilded!" says an American woman of my acquaintance, who has resided in Paris these many years. "It would be outrageous even to attempt anything of the sort."

"Then what would you do?" I reply. "As it stands now it is an extremely dangerous structure. Would you spend a large sum of money in partially pulling it down and then leave it as a sort of Melrose Abbey in France?"

The lady from the United States indicates that this is precisely her idea; she wants to make Rheims Cathedral a magnificent wreck—even though as it stands to-day it is not even a magnificent wreck as a memorial throughout all the years of the unspeakable barbarity of the Huns.

Somehow I do not agree with her idea. Although in my soul I have no feeling of sympathy for the Germans, yet I cannot escape entirely the reflection that the real memorial of their fearful devastation is going to remain in the hearts of their own; yea even unto the third and fourth and sixth and eighth and tenth generation of a folk despised and rejected of the rest of mankind But that is neither here nor there. The fact remains that Rheims Cathedral, as well as the ruined city around about it, is going to be rebuilded; as promptly as the French people, who are rather thorough and precise in their methods of construction, can do it.

The plans for the restoration of the Cathedral are definite. When I drove to Rheims early in January, I found M. Deneux, the architect of the French Historical Monuments, which maintains a watchful care over the Cathedrals of Rheims, Soissons, and Amiens, hard at work with his plans. Already he was ordering timber and tarred paper for the first temporary roofs over the nave, the aisles, the crossing, and the chancel. After these were on, the work of placing a temporary flat roof of concrete over the entire structure would proceed, while other workmen would replace the shattered vaultings and the exquisite windows. For, of a fact, more than three-quarters of the wonderful stained-glass of Rheims Cathedral has been saved and to-day remains intact. The Cathedral tapestries and the sacred vessels from the altar were removed and carried to a place of safety two days before the Germans entered the city in September, 1914. The stained-glass windows were not taken out, however, until March, 1918. At that time the Germans ceased using the small "155" shells with which they had been content up to that time and began firing the "305's." It was quite impossible to erect staging for the removal of the

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A French poster calling the people to the work of reconstruction

A model plan for the restoration of a farm community

windows, and so four expert *pompiers* from the Paris Fire Department were summoned who, at great personal risk, literally scaled the outer walls of the Cathedral and carefully removed the precious glass, piece by piece. It is this glass that will go back with, of course, a very slight addition of modern, but so very slight that it will take an expert to detect the difference. And in a few years the former high-pitched roof of the Cathedral, with its heavy slates, will be so completely restored that the structure will look but little different than in the days before the war.

The plans for the rebuilding of the city of Rheims, itself, are far less definite. It is a matter of some concern to its former residents just how quickly it can return to its former size and prosperity. For, while most folk thought of it chiefly as a champagne-making city, as a matter of fact but 10,000 or 15,000 of its 125,000 inhabitants derived their livelihood from this industry, while more than 60,000 men, women, and children were more or less dependent upon the textile industries of Rheims. A rare town it was for the making of certain cotton and woolen fabrics. Now the older men of the town shake their heads sadly as they contemplate their ruined mills and hopelessly disabled looms and wonder if their rival city of Roubaix—also fairly famed for its cotton and woolen textiles—will profit by their misfortunes. Rheims looks so hopeless. Of the fourteen or fifteen thousand houses that formed the community, probably not more than fifteen hundred are even repairable. And even a calm-hearted, cool-headed American city engineer, who visited it the other day and tried to show an easy-going optimism over the situation, could not see how it could return for some years at least to a population of more than 20,000 or 25,000 persons. That will mean definite and persistent rebuilding efforts. And it is more than likely that hotels will precede factories; for Rheims bids fair to become the tourist centre of Europe for many, many years to come. The ruin of the largest city in France to suffer destruction can hardly fail to interest.

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When I drove through the badly wrecked city of Soissons a little later that same day, I found that work already was progressing on the restoration of two fine houses. Moreover, the reconstruction was of a permanent sort. The houses were being rebuilded of the same whitish stone—it really is not stone at all but a sort of huge chalky brick, treated with a lime solution to hold it firm—that originally was used in their construction. Workmen were beginning to tear at other wrecked structures; in a matter of months Soissons would begin to return to its own. Yet do not imagine if you have in your heart the hankering to see these ruined cities of northern France before they are restored that you are going to be deprived of that opportunity. It will be many, many years before they lose the fearful scars of this great war. And some of them, like Ypres, which seemingly have little or no excuse for existence in the years of the future, never will return to existence; while others, like Lens for instance which operates the coal-mines, will of necessity come back, although not perhaps in the same form or in precisely the same location.

As I write, the future of some of these former cities is still being weighed; yet the future of Rheims is not in doubt. I spoke of San Francisco, of Baltimore, and of some other badly scarred American cities that I had seen return, not to their former beauty but to a far greater one, to a citizen of Rheims. I expressed my belief that the handsome and symmetrical Place Royale in the heart of the city—apparently modelled upon the Place Vendôme in Paris—would yet be immaculate and beautiful and an unceasing joy to future generations of its citizens.

"Ah, well enough, these things," he replied. "But there is another thing that I should really like to see."

I asked him what it was.

"I should like to see the new Rheims fashioned like one of your American cities," was his astonishingly frank reply. "It is well enough to speak of architectural beauty but, after all, how does it compare with sanitary living conditions, with good sewerage, with good drinking water, with cleanliness? These are the things in which your American cities triumph. I have seen them. And having seen them I should like to see the new Rheims rejoicing in these things, as Hartford, Conn., or Rochester, N. Y., rejoices in them."

Which brings us directly against another phase of the rebuilding of France: the part that the United States is going to play in it. America is going to do her full part in the rebuilding of France, but at all times we are going to let France do it in her own way. If the Germans had swept across New England we probably should resent committees of Frenchmen or Spaniards or Italians trying to tell us how to "reconstruct" Providence or Worcester, but we should not resent their interest. And if we had given as freely of our men and money as France has given of hers for the redemption of the world, we probably should greatly appreciate the loan of both.

If you think that I am dwelling overlong upon an

An idea of the immensity of the problem of reconstruction before the French nation can be gotten from this picture

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"Here is the deathless spirit of an indomitable the lack of money, the lack of men —but nevertheless

unimportant point, let me tell you of the woman's club of —let us call it Jonesville; that is far enough away from the real name to afford no clue. The Jonesville Women's Club wrote not long ago to a certain American residing in Paris, who has been extremely interested in the rebuilding of France, and generously offered to "adopt" a town. It merely suggested that, in the plans for rebuilding, two or three of the leading buildings of Jonesville be grouped around the town plaza and that the small French city so chosen be renamed "Jonesville." It is needless to add that the plan was rejected. Most of the so-called "adoption" plans have had to be rejected. An exception was in the case of the California Mission of Mrs. Crocker and Miss Daisy Polk, which adopted the small village of Vitremont in the Meurthe-et-Moselle district—a small community of but 265 inhabitants—and restored almost all of its fifty buildings. These women followed French architecture and French traditions and made a success of their experiment.

Some of the French cities outside of the devastated sections have "adopted" communities not fortunate enough to escape the onrush of the invaders. St. Mihiel—a name that is apt to live long in the annals of American history—has been thus adopted by Nantes. And the great silk-manufacturing city of Lyons has not only taken St. Quentin as its especial province but several other communities as well.

And much real work has been accomplished by Americans, without either the adoption of towns or the hurting of the rather delicate sensibilities of the French at this time. The efforts of the Anglo-American Friends' Mission are rather typical. The first work of this organization was in the Marne and the Meuse districts between Vitry-le-François and Bar-le-Duc. In the spring and summer of 1917, these quiet folk did splendid work in the Aisne and Somme districts; and already they are planning a big campaign of helpfulness in the field southwest of Verdun.

Similar relief work was done a little over a year ago by a group of energetic young women under the name of the Smith College Unit. Their work in some twenty-five *communes* in the neighborhood of Grécourt in the Somme district was attracting much attention when the last great German drive completely overwhelmed it, and has forced much of it to be done entirely anew. The American Red Cross, although by the very nature of its organization and the huge demands made upon it from other quarters is unable to take active part in any "reconstruction" or extensive rebuilding plan, nevertheless has not lost sight of the problem. More than a year ago it engaged George

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people working against odds—the lack of material, working. In such a spirit of faith one gains faith"

B. Ford, a New York architect and city planner, to make a careful survey of the entire situation. Major Ford has not only done this but has developed, through French architects and by working close to French ideals and traditions, building plans which are completely at the service of the rebuilders if they happen to desire them. And more recently Major Ford has made a series of map-charts of the devastated regions which show in great detail the locations of stone-quarries, brick-yards, gravel-pits, and all the other sources of material which must be gathered together for the rebuilding of their cities, their towns, their farms, and their highways.

These things are fairly impressive. Yet do not for one moment imagine that the French have been either blind or indifferent to the necessities for both aid and definite plans for the largest problem of rebuilding that any nation of the earth has ever had to face. While the war was in its earliest stages and the Government itself driven from Paris to Bordeaux in anticipation of the fall of the great French capital, it began relief work by the appropriation of $600,000 for the immediate assistance of the invaded *communes* of the Marne, and at the same time incorporated in the 1915 budget the far larger appropriation of $60,000,000 for more permanent forms of relief. These initial appropriations were followed by many others. The drain was not only constant but steadily increasing. And yet, in the very midst of the repeated requests to the French Government from its own folk for assistance, that Government began the preparation of drastic bills controlling the planning of the rebuilded cities; bills which as I write are in the process of being passed by the Chamber of Deputies.

By November, 1917, it became apparent that the increasing activities of civilian work and planning in the war zone must be brought under a single head. And so there was created the *Ministère de Blocus* with M. Lebrun, the minister, in charge, to work out the great allied problems of relief and rebuilding in the devastated and liberated regions. The work of this department was divided into four great divisions: a general service for the reorganization of local life, for the payment of war indemnities and the coördination of public and private relief agencies; a technical service of reconstruction and putting the soil back into a state of use; an office of agricultural reconstruction; and one of industrial reconstruction. Huge credits, to be divided between these functions, were then voted by the Government. Since the signing of the armistice the Ministry of Armament, with M. Loucheur as minister, has become a Ministry of Industrial Reconstitution

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and already is changing the great new munition plants of France into industrial manufactories and incidentally being granted a new credit of $300,000,000. France is not disposed to do these things by halves—not, at least, as long as her depleted purse still holds good.

But back of the well-organized work of the French Government, back of such real assistance as we Americans may be privileged to give, must stand at all times the desires and the efforts of the French people themselves. There is no mistaking these last. The French are a peculiarly clannish and home-loving people. They cling tenaciously to their language, their traditions, and their homes. If you do not believe this, go up into French Canada some time and see how zealously the folk of the Province of Quebec have clung to their language and their religion—under 160 years of British control. Or go down to our little Paris in the United States, the ancient city of New Orleans. Then you will understand.

It is because of these strong national characteristics that the heartbeat of Rheims was kept alive, throughout the four fearful years of its scourging, by nearly five hundred men, women, and children, who endured almost unspeakable privations rather than leave Rheims; for it was their home town. There were few houses in the city that were not completely destroyed; the entire population of the city lived in the basement of the commercial high school, where an aged schoolmistress, Mlle. Fourreaux, fed them with soup three times a day, literally with her own hands. And she confesses to having passed her seventieth birthday.

And at Soissons, second only to Arras and Ypres and Rheims and the rest of the cities in the actual zones of the hardest fighting, the Dufayel store kept open and doing business. The Dufayel store, be it understood, is about as much part and parcel of the average French city, large or small, as the five-and-ten-cent stores are part and parcel of the average American city, large or small. Only it specializes on furniture, furniture upon the instalment plan: "Your Home Made Comfortable for 999 Francs: Twenty Francs Down. The Rest on Easy Weekly Instalments."

The Dufayel store in Soissons did not sell much furniture during the war. But its orders were to stay open and, to the military mind of the average Frenchman, "orders is orders." The Germans seemed to have an especial hatred against that shop; perhaps some boche, habitat for a time in Soissons, had been sued for failure to meet his instalments. At any rate they kept repeatedly breaking the skylights, to the great annoyance of the manager. But each time they broke them, he replaced the glass. And when they shivered plaster-dust down upon the stock, the manager and his wife cleaned up the mess and dusted off the price cards anew. And on the day before the signing of the armistice they were in as good shape as the day after: which means that although most of the tables and chairs offered for sale lacked one leg or more, they still were for sale on easy weekly instalments. And what mat-

The type of temporary home now being erected by the French Government

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ters a leg or two missing, anyway? These are the days when much of France is going legless.

I speak of these things because they seem to show to me that, after all, France incarnate is partly because there can be no other France. A spirit such as this can never die, but repeats itself, again and again and again.

YOU will see it constantly, although in many forms. You will discover it as I discovered it, sixty days after the signing of the armistice, already setting out poplar trees alongside the highroads, to replace those which were cut down to give timber to France in the days of her great adversity. You will find it at Meaux and at Château-Thierry, where contractors began rebuilding the farm houses and the barns even before the signing of the armistice and the coming of peace. In twelve or fourteen farming villages south of Chalons-sur-Marne and around Vitry-le-François, the French Government already has organized cooperative societies for reconstruction which, by grouping together all the property owners in the villages and employing a contractor and an architect in common, have been able to save a great deal of time, money, and duplication in rebuilding, and have been able to secure from the Government the services of German prisoners and the necessary dispensations for the prompt securing and transportation of building materials of every sort. In each case these cooperative societies have received the maximum advance of the eventual indemnity—for unless I am greatly mistaken, Germany is going to pay a pretty penny indeed to France—and in most cases they have started fundamentally right—by first beginning with the construction of their barns.

The technical service of reconstruction has placed orders with private contractors throughout France for 25,000 demountable wooden houses, each with two or three rooms and a shed and costing from $700 to $1,000. Ten thousand small buildings of a similar general type and suitable for temporary necessities at least have also been ordered. The Minister of the Liberated Regions is himself securing more than 75,000 articles of furniture—chairs, tables, cupboards, wardrobes, and the like—and is also buying standardized house-fittings —20,000 exterior doors, 40,000 interior doors, 37,000 windows, 25,000 shutters.

France is not asleep; on the contrary she is wide awake. Since first the Great War began, she has given great consideration to the form of her reconstruction. Not merely the material side but the architectural — the spiritual—was to be considered and considered carefully.

France is a civilized country. She has led and still leads the world in the arts. The rest of us follow her. And she has some rather definite and successful architectural ideas of her own. So to-day, instead of merely being content with the purchase of wholesale quantities of houses and house-parts, she is reaping the benefit of a cultured and definite plan of development.

As far back as the summer of 1916, France looked ahead to the coming of peace and her own reconstruction by organizing an exhibition of cheap housing which was held in the Garden of the Tuileries in Paris. And in the fall of the following year she organized, through her Ministry of Fine Arts, a competition of architects, sanitarians, and agricultural experts for the production of better types of farmhouses and of town buildings of every sort.

Nor has she been content to stop even here. Since the war all but engulfed her she has had the courage and the prescience to organize a society whose special province it is to plan for the rebuilding of her lost cities. This society already has made full studies for the improvement of the plans for Albert, Arras, and some other towns. It has recently collaborated with the Mayor and the Council of Chauny to hold a large competition for plans for the improvement of that community.

In agricultural and in industrial lines, as well, France is preparing and preparing vigorously for her rebirth. In this, the spring of 1919, she is preparing, and again preparing most definitely, for the immediate plowing and the planting of many thousands of acres of released land. It is a fact, not generally known, that although France lost about one-seventh of her area to the invaders, she lost in that area about one-fifth of her crop production. Nor was it possible, even as she regained her precious acres, to put them immediately to work producing food for her hungry millions.

For one thing food production primarily needs man-power and secondarily horse-power. Until very recently both of these have been extremely scarce in the Land of the Lily. Men fought or made munitions. And horses, worth anywhere from $1,000 and upward each, were needed in the army. Only women and the older children and decrepit beasts could be spared for the farm work.

This situation is now changing. As I write the French Army is being demobilized, very slowly but very surely. And already the markets of Paris begin to show a very slight relief. And industry, too—the entire wide range of manufactories of every sort—begin to show that France is coming back. It would be foolish—more than that, cruel—to repeat assertions that France is asleep.

France asleep?

Never!

She is awake and alert to her opportunity. If she had been otherwise I could not have called her France reincarnate.

FRANCE reincarnate!

More than a mere phrase is this, more than phrases and conditions: Here is the indomitable and deathless spirit of an indomitable people, working against great odds —the lack of material, the lack of money, the lack of men—but nevertheless working. In such a spirit of faith one gains faith. And gains understanding. And perhaps begins to fully appreciate a nation which, despite our frequent protestations of a historic and a common bond of understanding, we really have understood and appreciated none too well.

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WE WANT TO GO HOME

By Reginald Wright Kauffman
Author of "Our Navy at Work," "Triumph," etc

Sketches by Tony Sarg

"You think you are going straight aboard ship. You aren't. You're going to a barracks to WAIT"

THE endless troop train had come to one of its cryptic six-hour stops at a siding, "nowhere" in France. Seen from the hesitant windows of our express, it filled the foreground of a sodden landscape, gray, dispirited. Overhead the sky hung low and wet. Against the horizon were a few despondent trees. The flat fields flaunted an unhealthy green, they looked like swamps. And the siding had been roughly constructed over a slough of mud

The troop train was composed of freight cars full of men There were box cars and flat cars The former sort had verminous straw on their floors and sometimes a rude bench or two, without any backs and very occasionally, a trench helmet doing duty as a charcoal stove. The flat cars bore scarred and camouflaged cannon and portable kitchens —not working. But both sorts of cars swarmed with men.

They were clad in khaki with khaki-colored straw bound round their feet and ankles after the manner of

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Russian peasants, and they had khaki-colored mud on their faces. They packed the doorways, crouched under the kitchens, sought below the guns such shelter as could there be found from the fine, grim, slow-descending rain.

They were in the midst of a long desolation typical of that hope deferred which was making their hearts sick, but they were American soldiers and, being American soldiers, they sang. I heard a part of their improvised song; I have filled in the gaps. It began and ended with an imitation of the reveille, and went something like this.

We want to go home—
We want to go home—
We want to go home to-day!
When the fighting's done, my dear,
What's the use of waiting here?
Must we stop another year—
Another year away?
Don't you think we've done our bit?
Don't you think it's time to quit?
We are getting tired of it!
And we want to go home—
We want to go home—
We want to go home TO-DAY!

I was on my way from Chaumont, the headquarters

One of the few rays of light in the dreary wait at the port is the canteen and the Red Cross workers

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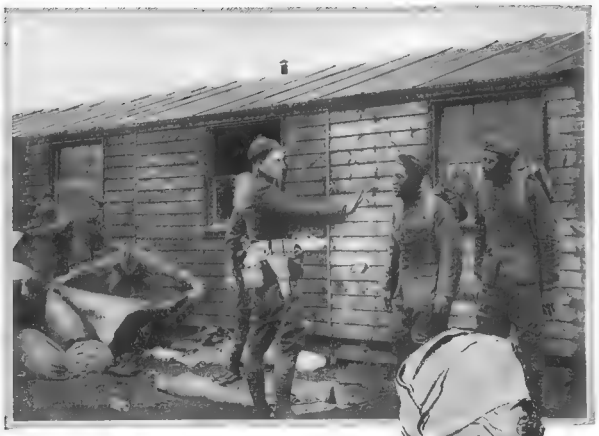

of the A. E. F., to Tours, the headquarters of the A. E. F's S. O. S., (or Service of Supplies); but that journey was part of a far longer one intended to include a view of pretty much all the vast territory throughout which American troops are being collected preparatory to shipping them back to the only place on earth where they want to be. What I have described above is merely one of a score of similar pictures that the traveler may see almost anywhere in that area. Those bedraggled, singing men, gallant survivors of a victorious army, had been ordered out of their billets in roofless cottages along the old front about a week before They had been put on that train and they still, with the optimism of the rank-and-file, believed that the train would eventually take them to a port wherefrom they would immediately embark for home

As a matter of fact, they probably had ahead of them —if they followed the usual routine—at least half a month of just such waiting as this in the chilly wet, the oozing mud, the dreary atmosphere of a world's end.

For you can't gather together a scattered army and ship it away over night. There are, under military regulations, a thousand things that must be done first. Shattered units must be reassembled; some must be assigned for further foreign service; millions of papers have to be made out, billions of articles accounted for. Our Army transport officers vow that they are working at their task night and day; but they are working, it seems, with a diminished tonnage at their command and in a country the railways of which have been shaken by four years of war.

"You boys can't go with this outfit. We're going home!"

"It took the United States eighteen months to get these men over here," was the way a major of the S. O S staff put it to me, "and that was considered a triumph of speed and efficiency. Why should we be expected to perform an even greater miracle now?"

Some sort of miracle is, of course, going to be worked, for are we not, above everything else, a nation of magicians? One of that little group of naval officers

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which has complete charge of the transports since the Army reluctantly surrendered them told me:

"By late spring we shall be shipping 120,000 men a month. By midsummer we shall be shipping 150,000."

But meantime the men want to go home. They "want to go home to-day." Ours is not an army of professional soldiers, and therein lies a deal of our pride in it. These men are workers that came over here to do a necessary job and, now that this job has been done, they want to get back for Sunday, please, and put their slippered feet close to the fire, the sporting supplement in their hands, and their wife and children not far away. They were engaged to fight, and they fought—how well you know. But, the fighting being over, it is hard for them to see any reason why they should not be shipped back at once—and that it is hard is entirely human. Nobody rebels but everybody is homesick; even the officers are not immune.

You people back home that get delighted and delighting letters from your menfolk over here—letters that radiate assurance of a quick return to you, because "We've had our entrainment orders"—mustn't suppose that entrainment is too directly connected with embarkation. What, as a matter of fact, happens when a unit is slated for home? Here is the way the process was described to me by a doughboy who had passed almost to its last stage:

"You get all your stuff together and leave your billets good and early, so's to be ready for the train. You march to the station, perhaps ten miles through the mud. You're on time for the train, all right; you're ahead of it. There isn't any train there. And there isn't anything else—no heat; no eats; more'n likely, no canteen. You've got to stand around. You've got to stand around for hours. Every time a dinky shifter comes up the track, you think it's the train; you never get used to false alarms. So you wait. And you wait. And then you wait some more. They won't let you leave the station; if you did, you might miss the train. I guess they think we're so anxious to stay in France that we might desert.

"Then it begins to get dark; and whenever it begins to get dark in France, it begins to rain. The bone-dry movement 'll never have a ghost of a show in France.

"Along about seven o'clock in the evening, they start to shunt some freight cars our way. They make up the train. Then they find they've done it wrong and do it all over again. Then they make it up a third time just for luck. We get in; don't do it right; have to get out and in again. After that, the train lies around for half the night, trying to get up the courage to start. And once it's started, it stops; and once it stops, it takes hours to get the courage to start again.

"That sort of thing goes on for three or four days—three or four days with sometimes something to eat and sometimes not. Then we lie in a railroad-yard for another day. Then we're— Where d' you think we are then? At the port? Not us! We're due for a march to a sort of mud-hole that's a kind of concentration-camp. We're three hundred miles and one month away from the ship."

They are not inspiring places, those camps. You remember gray-haired G. A. R. veterans telling of the unexampled mud of Virginia in the Civil War; I should like to have one of them take a look at the mud hereabouts and then, if he survived the shock, make a comparison. The officers have nothing to do but think of things for the enlisted men to do in order not to be idle, and the enlisted men have nothing to do except what the officers, whose ingenuity isn't boundless, invent for them—nothing to do except that and to wonder why they have to do it.

I remember a part of the —th Division. The —th is the sorest division in France, because it never quite got into the fighting. It was always just on the edge of things; it had all of the hardships and none of the glory. Everybody that knows it knows that it would have given a good account of itself if ever it had been given a chance, but the chance never came, and now I saw it sitting in the mud, waiting to go home as it had waited so long to fight—and about as hopelessly. Some of the men were trying to play football in the mud —mud ten inches deep.

At camps near Bourges, Nevers, and Le Mans—at a dozen or more camps—the men are collected, and one camp is the replica of the others. Only such as one sees at St. Aignan and in the Dijon district are exceptions.

Dijon is in the *Cote d' Or*, the golden land, but there is very little that is golden about it now. It is a vast hospital centre and crowded with broken units and units remade. There are days when you look with curiosity at any man, save the doctors, who is not a wounded man. It is a district to go to if you want to hear stories of valor and see the price of victory, but it is not a place for pleasant dreams.

St. Aignan is worse. St. Aignan is a reassignment station, where men are taken

A MODERN ARABIAN NIGHT'S TALE

WHEN General Allenby was driving north across the bare hills of Palestine, making the spectacular plunge that gave Jerusalem and Damascus back into Christian hands, when Allied troops were retrieving Jerusalem from the Turks, eight hundred years after the Crusaders, the whole right flank of the English Army—do you realize it?—was guarded by Arabian troops. While English infantry and cavalry, English machine guns and airplanes pushed north in the center, Arabians—inured to the desert and advancing with camel trains—were attacking on the right and herding the enemy within so constricted an area that their surrender quickly followed. Mr. William G. Shepherd will tell in the July RED CROSS MAGAZINE *the wonderfully dramatic story of the Prince of Hedjaz. It reads like an Arabian Night's tale—as it rightfully should. The burning sands, the saving camels, the narrow-streeted mysterious towns old as the hills themselves, the customs of the Orient—all are involved in a statecraft that turned Arabia to the Allied cause and made new history along the Red Sea.*

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and kept pending the day when they will be well enough to return to their commands, or else be pronounced too ill to go anywhere but home. Such places have to be in war and after war, but nothing can make them cheerful, and when there is an unexpected influx they can give lessons to London in the art of overcrowding.

"The worst of the thing is that there won't be any of the hero stuff for us when we do get back," said a wan artilleryman. He was recovering from pneumonia; his lungs had been tapped, the wound was infected, and he will never be a whole man again. "You know how it is: 'What's the matter with you, my poor fellow? Where were you shot?' And when you say you weren't shot: 'Oh, he wasn't hit at all, he's only been sick.' That's back home. Over here, of course, people understand, but you'll have to have been wounded if you want a fuss made over you at home."

Perhaps that artillery man was too cynical; one hopes so. But a somewhat similar view of the case was given me by a Negro in uniform at a base port. He said.

"Ah'm a volunteer, Ah am. When we-all went to war, Ah enlisted fust off. Ah was bawn a fightin' man—been fightin' all mah life, 'most: fist, club er razor, it was all the same to me—so Ah thought Ah mote's well lend mah talent to mah country, en Ah volunteered. Right off Ah did. An', boss, what d' yo' think they done to me? They set me to unloadin' ship, they did, en Ah ain't been doin' nothin' else since Ah come here. Fight? Ah ain't fit nobody, 'cept 'bout ten other niggers en mebbie a hundred er so o' these here A-rabs, en that was only jest to keep mah han' in, as you' mote say. Ah ain't kickin'; Ah wants to do mah duty by mah country, but bein' bawn a fightin'-man, Ah'd a laked to fight.'

A homesick Negro soldier sought an army surgeon:

"Cap'n," he said, "Ah'd like fo' to be sent home right smart. Ah'm a sick man, Ah am."

"What's the matter with you?" asked the surgeon.

"Well, suh, dere's sompin' wrong wif mah haid."

"Wrong with your head? What do you mean? Been knocked on it?"

"No, suh, not since I got done fightin' Ah aint been knocked on it."

"Then it begins to rain. The bone-dry movement will never have a show in France"

"Then you mean you have a headache?"

"No, suh; not 'sactly a headache, suh."

"Eyes gone wrong?"

"No, suh, 'tain't mah eyes nuther."

"Then what do you mean by saying there's something wrong with your head?"

"Well, suh, it's this away. Jes' befo' the armistice, they was need fo' some extra ord'lies on a hospital ship; en the ord'lies was to be took home on that ship, takin' care of the wounded ab'od her, en they did say's how them ord'lies, once they got to the other side, was to be transferred to a hospital right back there at home 'n not fer to come over here no mo'. Right back home they was to stay; en Ah had a chance to git a job es one o' them there ord'lies, but, thinkin' they was to be a lot mo' of the war, Ah wouldn't take the job. No, suh, Ah 'lected to stay here—en right nex' day that there armistice was signed, en Ah been stuck in the mud ever since. Now, Cap'n, Ah leave it to yo': Ah had a chance to go home en Ah didn't tak' it, so there sure *mus'* be sompin' wrong wif mah haid!"

The Army, however, is no respecter of personal inclinations. In the nature of things, what an army respects is rank and rank only—and not always rank For don't suppose that the long, long trail homeward is being made much easier, or that it is being made a bit shorter, for the officers than for the men. It isn't. The officers have their troubles, too.

I recall two examples: they are two big camps at a place not so far from Tours. Each camp is surrounded by a stockade, and each stockade is topped by a couple of lines of barbed wire. The inmates of those camps are not permitted to leave the muddy precincts save upon rarely given special passes. They are formed into military units; they are said to be put through daily drills, there is even a rumor that they have to police their own quarters. One of these camps is peopled only by commissioned officers up to and including the rank of captain, the other only by officers from the rank of major up.

"What," I asked, "was the prevailing offense!"

"Offense?" I was answered. "These officers aren't under arrest. They aren't charged with any offense They're just detached officers waiting to be sent home."

It must be particularly hard on the second heutenants!

"Yet fraternization between the soldiers and German civilian population is prohibited and the prohibition prohibits in public"

THE DOUGHBOY ON TOP OF THE WORLD

By William Allen White

Illustrated by J. Henry

THE doughboy needs definition. He is not merely the American private soldier, though technically the term "doughboy" is used to describe the private; but because the American private soldier and his officers from corporal to general come from one walk of life, and represent one opinion about the cosmos, the word "doughboy" may be used to designate any American soldier. There is no difference of opinion in the officers' mess, in the noncoms' mess, and in the mess of the private soldier. Unanimity in opinion was never better shown. And when the song rollicks:

"And it's O boy,
It took the doughboy
To hang the wash on the Hindenburg line."

it means the whole outfit, including the telephone girls. Now while these lines are written the doughboy is

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sitting on top of the world swinging his feet! And the particular top of the world graced by his presence at the moment is the Rhineland in Germany. Something like a half million doughboys, mostly in the Third Army, are up in the Rhine country—in Rhenish Prussia to be exact—and they are having the time of their young lives. In the meantime, because they are enjoying themselves, a story is going about Europe, and perhaps may have come to America, that these boys are being converted by the Germans to German ideals; that American soldiers are being confused about the right and wrong of the war. The story is absurd; but it has its basis in fact, if not in truth. And it may be well to consider the facts.

FOR nearly a year the majority of the American Army had been quartered in France. For at least six months practically all our troops had been living in France. Moreover, they had been living in that part of France broken by war. The towns were ruined wherein the boys were billeted. The houses were battered and the boys slept rolled in their blankets on floors in barns, in garrets, in deserted houses. And as the men came nearer and nearer the front, the wreck of France became more and more nearly complete and they felt it more keenly in their loss. They could no longer have even barns and haystacks and attics; they burrowed in cellars and dug-outs and *abris*. Vermin infested them; the civilians, the men say, were as broken as the houses about them. Their men were gone, mostly crippled or dead or lost. The business of the towns in which the Americans stopped was chaos. The few remaining civilians lived off the soldiers—perhaps British or French or Portuguese or American—passing through the towns. There was no other commerce. The American soldier had money to burn. He was paid vastly better than any other soldier that came to the French villages and, of course, American standards of living are higher than the standards of any other soldier. He wanted more and he was willing to pay more. The commerce of France being broken, the political organization of the towns being shattered, and the commerce of the whole land crippled, commercial anarchy followed naturally as the handmaiden of war in the French villages; and when the freehanded American soldier came bowling along willing to part with his money, up went the prices. And sometimes the prices remained up and are still up. And sometimes prices were regulated at the little French stores in the battered towns, much as lawyers and doctors in America regulate their prices, charging according to the ability of the client to pay. So often there were two prices—the American price and the French price. The American soldier had thirty-six dollars a month if he was a buck private, and the French soldiers had but a few pennies a day. And each must eat. But the two-price system, where it prevailed, angered the American soldier. He felt that he had come to France to save France from the Huns, and being young, rather more in his twenties than anywhere else, he expressed his mind. He used the "short and simple" language of the poor! And his grouch fed itself with expression. All the conditions of life in France were hard for the soldier last year. Sleeping, eating, fighting, travelling, bleeding, dying—all were hard. And men in their twenties, "single men in barracks most unusually like you," are prone to blame their environment for hardships which rise in spite of the environment. So France was the goat.

THEN the armistice came and it was necessary to send half a million American soldiers to Germany to occupy the country. They went to the Rhineland. There the men found no battered towns. They found no disorganized commerce. There they found no political chaos. In the Rhineland the American troops found first of all that they were billeted in beds—beds in bedrooms; beds in clean white bedrooms with sheets on the beds. Moreover, and this is highly important, they found women to make the beds—pleasant women, women of a motherly and sisterly instinct, eager, if one was not feeling fit enough for drill, to serve breakfast in bed. The boys had been shunted suddenly from broken France to the tourist section of Germany. For it is along the Rhine that the great summer homes of the Berliners are built, that the great summer resorts of Prussia are situated. Miles of hotels in miles of little bright spic-and-span villages line the highway from Mayence to Cologne. Every one in the region takes in boarders. Most families have some one in the family who speaks English, and every one knows how to get on with strangers. Moreover, it is a one-price country naturally. But even if it were not, in Germany we entered as conquerors. In France we were guests. In Germany we lay down the law. Our Army demands one price for soldiers and civilians and they get it.

Another thing: Don't ever forget that the Germans are a docile people. The very traits which brought them into a wicked war without protest make them easy to handle by an invading and conquering army. So the whole nation of the Rhineland stands a nation of boarding-house keepers rubbing its hands amiably before our Army, anxious to do some little thing which will indicate its desire to please. And still more: When the Americans appeared in a German village, the inhabitants of the village were pleased beyond words that the French had not been sent instead. The Germans of the Rhineland feared the French; not that the Germans knew what was coming to them from the French, but the German conscience was uneasy. They knew what their soldiers had done to the French villages, and when the Americans appeared there was public rejoicing. The contrast between broken France, with its unutterable hardships, and untouched Germany, with its summer-hotel comfort, struck the American boy in a heap. So in his haste he said things about the contrast which he will not repeat when he gets home and has thought things out.

Some account of how he came into the land, how he lives in the land, and what sort of a land it is under his eyes may interest the American soldiers' folks at home.

The advance began after the armistice. Slowly, day by day, the German army backed out of France and Belgium, and a few hours behind it came the armies of the Allies—the British in the north, the American in

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"As well post trespass notices against the coming of the spring as to try to prevent a boy of twenty meeting a girl of any nationality"

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the middle, and the French farther south. American officers always rode ahead of the American columns to take over towns and cities and districts from the retreating Germans. These officers saw that no munitions of war were taken by the retreating Germans, and generally these advance guards were met by the American billeting squad and later by the men of the conquering army. The billeting officers secured beds for the men, naturally reserving the better houses in a town for the men of higher rank. The colonel got the big house, where the town magnate lived. The other commissioned officers put up generally at the best hotel, and the privates took the run of the houses in the town. If there was a general to be cared for, he generally got the château or the Rhine castle, a gorgeous but generally badly plumbed establishment just outside the town. The Red Cross and the Y. M. C. A. and the K. of C., along with their operating forces, generally secured the halls and the semi-public buildings of the place. The men went to their quarters at first a bit shyly; for after all the American boy, commissioned or noncommissioned, is a polite kid. The ruthless conqueror is no natural rôle of his; and it puzzled the Germans to see him coming into their houses more or less self-deprecatingly, as one who intrudes and apologizes for his intrusion. That air of the diffident conqueror gave the doughboy his seat on the top of the world in Germany, quite as much as his feats of arms. He crowded no one off the sidewalks; he required of German soldiers no salute which he was not willing to return. He established no rules of conduct for civilian population which the civilian population could not readily obey and intelligibly understand. He was the Easy Boss, yet he was Boss. That much must be said for the doughboy in Germany.

WHEN the American Army went into Germany, certain rather rigorous rules were submitted for the governance of the civilian population; these rules came from the high command of the Allied armies. The British troops are supposed to have substituted the names of the German cities for the Belgian and French cities, and to have copied the German rules in Belgium for the German populations in the Rhineland. The first few days of the French occupation of certain German towns were days of haughty relations between the troops and the civilians—relations which could not be sustained for a long period between a kindly hearted unmilitary conqueror and a docile, if not a servile, people. The Americans modified the hard rules of both armies, and in German-occupied territory the American command established reasonable rules which were strict but not severe. Since the occupation the relations between the British and the Germans and the French and the Germans have changed considerably. But the doughboy and his captive people remain as they started. Rules prohibiting fraternization of course were laid down; but certain division commanders forgot to proclaim them.

Yet, for the most part, fraternization between the soldiers and the German civilian population is prohibited, and the prohibition prohibits in public. Men are not supposed to walk on the streets with the Germans, nor are they supposed to enter into formal social relations with them—that is, they may not call, may not accept or extend dinner or luncheon engagements, may not appear in places of public amusement together. These things are not done But young blood is stronger than proclamations. And in the homes, behind closed doors, around home fires, boys will be boys and girls will be girls. As well post trespass notices against the coming of the spring as to try to prevent any boy in his twenties meeting a girl of his age of any race or nationality. "It's against nature."

ONE evening in January we were riding through Germany east of the Rhine; before us stretched a large pond, frozen. On the ice the German girls, and such of their young men as were home from the war, were skating, and around the pond skipped the doughboys doing figure eights and grape vines and Dutch rolls before the girls. They were flirting scandalously with their eyes The M P.s were lined about the pond to see that the rules against fraternizing were observed. They were observed rigorously. But after dark on that pond how many M. P.s would it take to each doughboy to enforce the rule?

Said the brigadier: "I posted up the notice against fraternizing. And I'll do what I can to see that it is enforced. But after I came home to my billet I met in the hall of the house where I am quartered a refined and intelligent woman, who asked me in perfectly good English if I was acquainted in Cincinnati, and then if I knew her brother who is a leading merchant there. What could I do? Run to my room and jam the pillow in my mouth? Or answer her civilly? Which I did, and she brought tea to my room, which I consumed."

Said another brigadier: "Christmas night I went to every regiment in my outfit, and at one place I found the boys in the town hall. They had rigged up a Christmas tree, electric lights, red balls, popcorn strings, presents and all. It stood at one end of the hall and the regimental band was playing dance music. The boys were having a dance, a stag dance; half of them had handerchiefs on their arms. And as I came into the hall I saw on the outside scores and scores of pretty German girls, nice, decent village girls, peering in most wistfully. I could do nothing. Afterward I heard of a general in a somewhat similar case who went to the burgomaster and commandeered a hundred of the nicest girls in the town, and the boys had a fine time and the girls were none the worse for it. They were glad to come. Anyway I could do nothing that Christmas night but dance two or three rounds with the sergeants and go on to the next town"

Speaking broadly, in Germany our soldiers are billeted in three kinds of places. Good-sized cities—say Coblenz; industrial towns of from five to ten thousand, and most of these places are east of the Rhine; and finally in agricultural villages. But the billeting differs little in kind in any of these places. In the cities the boys have good shows, and at Coblenz they crowd the municipal opera house where good opera is heard every night, and at fairly reasonable prices, too.

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In the small industrial towns there are movies and concerts and always the Y. M. C. A. and K. of C., and a boy always can go out and soak his soul in post cards, which are of an infinite variety. Moreover, in these towns the American regimental band plays in the public square every afternoon, and all men and women of the place come out. If it is a fair day, windows are open and pretty girls peek out of them, and a boy can find something to keep up his interest in life. He is billeted in a clean, warm, comfortable home. He has his mess in some public hall, or very recently he has been allowed to requisition lumber and build his mess hall, and in one way and another he is having a fairly good time.

BUT in the agricultural villages about the only diversion a boy has is to stand around and watch the villagers wash their turnips in the little puddles of water that trickle down the streets through the town. The regimental band gets around two or three times a month. Once in a long time a Y. M. C. A. lecturer drifts in, but there is always danger that he will talk religion, or if he doesn't talk religion his jokes may be stale, and if his jokes are fresh one may not go out to hear him and thus miss a really good thing. Life is full of unpleasant uncertainties. The only dead certainty in the little agricultural villages is work—drill and monotony.

And yet the morale of the doughboy is high. Our Army is the only army in Europe which is functioning to-day as it did in the midst of war. We are drilling the usual number of hours without complaint; we are obeying the regulations of an army of occupation as well now as we obeyed these rules the day they were installed; and, while the doughboy wants to go home so badly that he can taste it in his food, no statesmen are worrying about his political reactions. He has required no bonus to stay; there is no dread of his coming out of the Army a Bolshevik. Through it all he remains the same good-natured young man with horse sense and an easy laugh; his "sense of humor saves him whole." But perhaps not that entirely; G. H. Q. is helping promote games—basket-ball, football, baseball, inter-company, inter-regimental, inter-divisional, inter-army games. And G. H. Q. proposes that these games shall be the best the Army can afford; so enlisted men and commissioned officers play side by side. A colonel from Providence, Rhode Island, who was a star on the all-American team several years ago, was drafted by his division commanders and put in the game to play with a bunch of buck privates from Kansas and Oregon. In a recent baseball match a corporal from the "brig," where he was languishing for good and sufficient reasons, was released because he was the best umpire in the division, and he called "balls" and "strikes" on the captain who had tucked him away in the "brig," so that the captain never got to first base in the whole game. While the company, knowing the situation, howled its head off.

Now these ball games, wherein the officers and enlisted men play side by side upon exact equality, greatly puzzle the Germans. They gather about the side lines and see captains, majors, colonels, and lieutenants scuffling together in a scrimmage; observe the buck private grabbing the captain and throwing him about the field with such impunity as physical strength gives him, and the Germans marvel greatly. One day we were stalled in a machine in a canton in a remote part of Germany. American doughboys were passing up and down the canton and now and then a German man or woman drifted by. One of them, a German farmer, stopped to watch us repair the car; he was talkative and spoke of the American soldier. Yes, he had noticed that the American soldiers were good-natured; everyone in the village liked them. The mothers treated the boys as their own sons, and the boys made up with the children. They brought their socks to the women to darn, and their shirts to mend, and their letters from home to read, with pictures of their people. Yes, indeed, they were nice decent boys; the mothers always trusted them. And this also people noticed; the American officer talks to his men in the stores, speaks to them pleasantly on the streets. This is unknown in Germany. The private soldiers in Germany are not people; they are like cattle. No officer notices them. But the American officers and the American men are like brothers. And they play games together. We saw two enlisted men sitting on a captain yesterday, and the German officers present were ashamed and went away. It was an indecent thing. But the people, he said, also notice that these soldiers obey their officers in the drill, and our German soldiers returning from France tell us that American discipline is good, as good as that of any army in the world. If the men do not fear their officers, why do they obey them? These things we Germans cannot understand!

WE TRIED to tell him that respect is rather a better disciplinary motive than fear. And he accepted the theory. Then we tried to tell him that to make respect rather than fear the basis of discipline, not merely in armies but among the nation of men, America had got into the war. We tried to show him that respect as a basis of human relations is, after all, safer than fear, and that in the difference between respect and fear lies all the difference between democracy and autocracy and all that the war was fought for. He nodded his head. He got the language. For he repeated it carefully and exactly many times, so that he could keep it in his head to repeat to his fellow countrymen in the village; but it was plain that the idea was too much for him. Later it may come to him. It must come to Germany with all the force of a great conviction before she is admitted to the society of civilized peoples.

And very likely the great service that our Army will do in Germany will be by a thousand daily examples to persuade the German people of the Rhineland, where brute force still is "the god of things as they are," that respect, fellowship, neighborly give and take are stronger factors in civilization than fear and force and the iron hand.

This democratic Army of ours, wherein hundreds and thousands of private soldiers have college degrees, and tens of thousands of officers come from trucks and docks and railways, and farms and trades where men's hands

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hold their brains rather than their heads, this democratic Army of ours has been a revelation to Europe. But it is the glory of our civilization that the necessity of any caste in it is irksome to our men. They resent it and refuse to get used to it.

Because this discontent of the American soldier with his friends and his environment is much in evidence, persons who do not know the American character are unhappy about the impression the American soldier may bring home as his final judgment of France. They fear that his present expansive contentment with things physical about him in Germany may get under his skin into his heart. But one must not forget the deep heritage of common sense that is in the American youth. It is his strongest trait. It will save him from the German slant, from the German feeling, from German sympathy. He knows that out of this beautiful Rhineland, with its doll-like girls, its kindly women, its docile men, its orderly civilization, its good wine and good cheer, came the men roaring like devils out of hell, who set the world afire in 1914. The American soldier is greatly interested in the contrast which he sees now between this good natured, servile people and the population which stood by the pillage and rapine and destruction of Belgium and northern France four years ago. He realizes, and will tell you so when you talk seriously about the Germans, that the very education which makes them accept the Americans without pride, without resentment, almost one would say without self-respect, made them accept the *Lusitania* and Louvain and the Lille deportations. They obey. They know only the authority over them. And the American soldier in Germany knows better than any one else how dangerous to a world-democracy is a people that takes orders without question. He

"I saw on the outside pretty German girls, nice village girls, peering in most wistfully"

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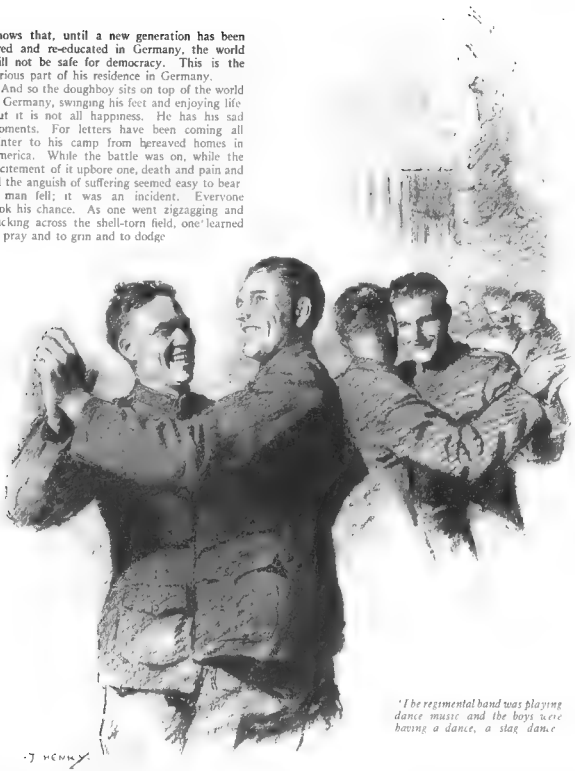
knows that, until a new generation has been bred and re-educated in Germany, the world will not be safe for democracy. This is the serious part of his residence in Germany.

And so the doughboy sits on top of the world in Germany, swinging his feet and enjoying life But it is not all happiness. He has his sad moments. For letters have been coming all winter to his camp from bereaved homes in America. While the battle was on, while the excitement of it upbore one, death and pain and all the anguish of suffering seemed easy to bear A man fell; it was an incident. Everyone took his chance. As one went zigzagging and ducking across the shell-torn field, one learned to pray and to grin and to dodge



The regimental band was playing dance music and the boys were having a dance, a stag dance

But these letters that are coming, they are so human; they bring back the tragedy of these bright wonderful days and translate a comrade's flicking out in glorious death, into a mother's tragedy, into a wife's heartbreak, into palpable, understandable, human anguish. And so in Germany the boys are learning more of war than they knew in battle. They are learning with all their hearts to hate war as a hideous thing, and to dream of a day when men may find some other way than war to decide their differences. The mightiest force for peace that America ever has seen will come home in the troop ships, when "Johnny comes marching home!"

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PUBLISHED IN A GERMAN PRISON

The Story of an American Newspaper

By Frank Ward O'Malley
Of the New York *Sun*

IT WAS on the eve of the armistice that, as the circus man would say, "the greatest newspaper in captivity" came, hand-made, into the world in the German prison camp at Rastatt, on the edge of the Black Forest. The patient newspaper makers—American prisoners all—who lettered and illustrated their journal, the *Barbed Wireless*, altogether by hand, did not know, however, that the first and all-important step toward peace was about to be taken; so much is evident from a glance through one item in the hand-made "newspaper," which tells of plans under way "for bringing levity and mirth into the affairs of the camp this winter."

"Levity and mirth," had the patient American lad who lettered the words on the last page of the paper but known, were about to come during the winter to the accompaniment of the crash of the German *débâcle* (which is French for "wollop on the bean"), and a freedom that meant a sight of rolling Atlantic seas again, New York Bay, skyscrapers, sirloin smothered in onions, mince pie, soft- and hard-boiled shirts—home! But foreknowledge so ecstatic would have played hob with the production of a feat of journalism of the momentous pretension of the hand-made *Barbed Wireless*, a hint of what was just ahead of the American boys confined within the barbed-wire compound of Rastatt, and the *Barbed Wireless* would have died aborning amid the general hullabaloo. Little Jimmie may be content to piece together a picture puzzle up to the time that the roast chicken is announced, but not thereafter

With nothing to look forward to, however, but a worse than stupid life for months in Rastatt, the American prisoners—a little group, rather, among the 2,300 American lads in the camp—not only lettered and illustrated the "newspaper," part of which is reproduced here, but they also performed what Mr. Kipling would call a "feat." "Making a Tract is a Feat," said the author of "Plain Tales." The necessarily brief *Barbed Wireless* contains not one but two "tracts" in its columns. Wedged as the "tracts" are between pencilled paragraphs of the wildest burlesque and obviously written by happy-go-lucky youths unaware that they were performing the feat of making "tracts," they sink their lessons home with enormously greater force than in the case of the average printed leaflet solemnly distributed by the light of stained-glass windows

There were German propaganda papers issued to the prisoners at Rastatt, of a kind so distasteful that the American boys refused to read them. Hence, perhaps, the birth of *Barbed Wireless*. All the Rastatt *Ukrainerlager*, which got its name because it first was used as a pen to hold captives from the Eastern front, was a "propaganda camp" and it was run, especially during its last months, as a "show camp" by a German militarism that saw only crushing defeat ahead and hoped to save something from the wreckage by favorably impressing the prisoners in the propaganda camp, particularly the American prisoners.

With all that subtle delicacy so noticeable in performing elephants or in the mind-workings of a Hun propagandist, the German officers and guards at Rastatt, once the final Allied offensive had begun to disinfect northern France, persistently circulated among the American prisoners with suggestions to "Write home how well we treat you; tell your parents in the United States how pleasant this camp is, how well it is run, how kind we are to you." They might write home anything they wished about the camp, the American boys repeatedly were assured. One of the lads, a Philadelphia youth named Robert H. Keil, took the Germans at their word and wrote a frank letter about Rastatt and its conditions. Promptly the letter was flung back to him by a German censor.

But as Rastatt was first and last a propaganda camp, the Germans treated the American prisoners comparatively well, particularly from the beginning of the end until the last prisoner had been freed, in November last.

"In October the Germans knew they were whipped," says John Vogt, an American bluejacket imprisoned at that time at Rastatt, or just when the *Barbed Wireless* came into being. "The food was scarce, though, and I was so weakened from my treatment at Camp Dendermonde that I would have died if it hadn't been for the Red Cross packages. They never let us get any of these at Dendermonde, but they did at Rastatt. They knew that they were whipped then and they were trying to be as nice as they could to make a good impression. Some of the higher officers were always coming around at Rastatt and telling us to tell how kindly we were treated when we got back home. I haven't any kick about the way the Germans treated me after they knew the Allies had them licked. The German guards at Rastatt used to envy us when we got Red Cross packages. Why, they even let us take a bath at Rastatt!"

And, concluded Seaman Vogt, for a sack of American tobacco a prisoner could get all the iron crosses, even

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THE BARBED WIRELESS.

Vol. 1. No. 2 Rastatt, September 1918 Price 5 Kopeks

CURE FOR WARS, INVENTOR'S CLAIM

GREENLAND MAY BE WAR PRISONER'S' HOME

Earl E. Byrd Quotes Great General's Theory on Disposal of Captured Men.

Internment of all prisoners of war in some remote region is believed to be the only solution to the steadily increasing congestion of humanity in the nations now engaged in the military world's series This important disclosure is uncorked by Earl E. Byrd, the Wireless' oriental correspondent, who, in our last issue, got away with the mayor of Bangsonk's outburst on peace and is still alive, unmarred and well. Mr Byrd quotes as authority no less personages than Gen. Nuisance, noted throughout the world for his discussions of all questions with which he is least familiar and Prof. Quiz, the famous investigator of things in which nobody is interested.

By Earl E. Byrd.

Sept. —Upon my arrival at the Coote House in Bangkok this morning I recognized two old acquaintances, who were licking up a couple of scuttles in the barroom. They saw me first Before I could get away I was buttonholed by Gen Nuisance and Prof Quiz. Realising that escape was impossible, I resigned myself to the mercy of their tongues and let them go to it In this manner, however, I was able to gather the information for my story on the proposed internment of prisoners of war The war is the General's favorite topic, which is quite natural, because he doesn't know anything about it The Professor is engaged in a historical-scientific research, to determine the time and manner in which the Dead Sea became a casualty and, of course, could think or talk of nothing else

In the course of his chatter on internment, the General, whenever he pulled something he judged was hard to stomach, would call on the Professor to back his statement The Professor so deeply engrossed in his own topic, innocently thought the General was referring to the Dead Sea and absentmindedly agreed with everything the General said

According to the General, the quest'on what to do with prisoners of war is approaching the critical stage Figures based on press reports and claims by intelligence offices of the belligerent nations since the beginning of the war, show that the number of prisoners is mounted to somewhere in the neighborhood of a quarter billion.

If prisoners keep coming in on both sides at so alarming a rate, the General opines, there is just one of two things left to be done- either the prisoners must be interned in some neutral country, provided one can be found large enough to hold them, or the war will have to be moved to

(Continued on Page)

NOTED MECHANICAL WIZARD SWINGS HAYMAKER ON MARS

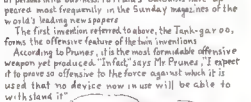
Fuller Prunes Announces Double Preventive for Plague of Nations.

There can be no more wars. A notorious scientist has in the invention of a marvellous machine of destruction, the Tank-garoo. and its equally wonderful anti-dote, the Jumping Bullet, a cure for the world-old pestilence of nations, and the present titanic conflict positively will be the last That's what he says

The man who has dealt this solar plexus blow to the God of War has been an active worker in this line ever since the beginning of the present war and his name, Fuller Prunes no doubt, is familiar to all He has placed before the public more theories on future events, the causes and the outcome of the war, and more plans and devices for ending it than any score of persons in the business. Mr Prunes' outbursts have appeared most frequently in the Sunday magazines of the world's leading newspapers

The first invention referred to above, the Tank-garoo, forms the offensive feature of the two inventions

According to Prunes, it is the most formidable offensive weapon yet produced. "In fact," says Mr Prunes, "I expect it to prove so offensive to the force against which it is used that no device now in use will be able to withstand it"



Former Tank and Re-young

To counteract this terrible machine of destruction Prunes at the same time, invented an equally wonderful defensive weapon, known as the jumping bullet, the only device which can possibly cope with the Tank-garoo.

The Tank-garoo is a huge locomotive contraption, resembling somewhat the tanks which have been used to considerable extent in the present war, but is much larger. Under the body of the tank is a powerful lever, attached to the body by great springs of specially tempered Sheffield steel, held in compression while the tank moves normally across the ground. But when an obstacle of unusual depth, width or height, such as a river bay or range of ordinary sized mountains, which would prove insurmountable to the old type of tank, is encountered, the springs are released by special mechanism and the entire movable fortress takes a mighty leap, clearing the obstacle alighting without shock to the crew and proceeding on its way.

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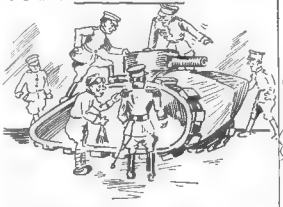
SNAP SHOTS OF LATEST WAR MACHINE

FULLER PRUNES ELUCIDATES MARVELOUS INVENTION TO GENERAL DEBILITY.



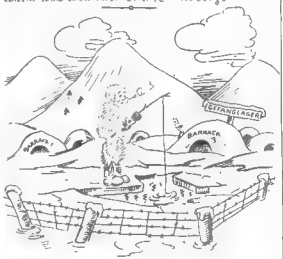
TANK-GAROOING OVER THE ALPS

GREENLAND MAY BE WAR PRISONER'S HOME

(Continued from Page 1.)

another theater. The latter plan, he says, is practically out of the question, because the scenery and other equipment, besides the large personnel necessary to a successful staging of the exhibition, render the war exceedingly difficult to shift about.

The internment plan however, appears more feasible. It is true, there is no neutral country in Europe or the American Continent large enough to hold the prisoners without the inhabitants moving out, but it is believed that enough space can be found in Greenland, provided the Danish government can be prevailed upon to consent to the excavation of a few icebergs



Mess Detail at New Artic Lager.

CURE FOR WARS INVENTOR'S CLAIM.

(Continued from Page 1)

It is because of this feature, in which it resembles the well-known kangaroo, that its inventor hung the weird moniker upon it

The tank-garoo is built of highly magnetized metal, and therein lies the secret of the jumping bullet. The bullet is made of the same metal, the composition of which is not disclosed. Should the gunner get the range on the tank, and the latter suddenly take one of its flyers, the projectile will, when it gets within magnet range, leap from its natural trajectory and dart, helliboni for damnation, straight at the tank. The projectile is charged with such high explosive that it blows the tank to atoms. This produces the effect of a gigantic shrapnel shell, destroying all beneath it.

Mr. Prune's plan for using these inventions to prevent war is as follows. Introduce the tank-garoo to one-half the worlds balance of power, but don't tell them about the jumping bullet. Then introduce the bullet to the other half, but them wise to the tank and tell them the bullet is the only thing that will stop it, not forgetting to add that they won't need the tank if they adopt the bullet. Both sides, think ng they've got a good thing, will immediately discard all other devices of warfare and place contracts for the new machines in great numbers. Mr. Prunes confidently asserts that if they, having placed the contracts, wait for the machines to be delivered before engaging in hostilities, there will be no more wars.

of the first class, he wanted. In exchange for a piece of soap came a shower of iron decorations more plentiful than the crosses that adorn the final sheet of a lovesick maiden's letter to her sweetheart.

WHEN the *Barbed Wireless* came into being the Rastatt war prison camp contained approximately 300 French prisoners, 300 British 1,500 Russians and, in the last days, 2,300 Americans, the prisoners of each nationality being separated from other national groups by barbed wire within barbed wire. The prison camp was a mile from Rastatt, with fringes of the Black Forest creeping to the edges of the outer fencings. The compound lay on a dry, flat plain, only sparsely cleared, with mountains rising in the distance. Commanding the camp was a German captain, a "fair enough man," prisoners say. Fortunately for the incarcerated American youths, most of the guards were from Bavaria, Saxony, and Wurttemberg. Perhaps when assigning guards to a "show camp" even Prussia had a gleam of the truth which every returning war prisoner knows so thoroughly—that the Prussian guard almost always was a beast. If a guard struck a prisoner at Rastatt, which was rare, he was punished by being sent to the German front-line trenches for a few weeks, a "sentence" that almost any American boy guarding German prisoners would undoubtedly accept with high glee. But to the German soldier service at the front was a cruel and unusual punishment.

The deadly monotony of the camp day, which made even the tediousness of "printing" a six-page newspaper by hand a welcome relief, began with a roll call about 8 o'clock in the morning. When all the prisoners had been accounted for (which some mornings did not happen) the lame, the two or three blind soldiers in the camp, and the sick were weeded out of the lines. From among the private soldiers remaining in line the Germans selected the various American boys to be detailed to sundry jobs awaiting workers in and about the camp. The "non-coms," like the commissioned officers, were exempt from manual labor. Cripples whose arms and hands were still active often were detailed to the Department of Spud Peeling. The potatoes which Germany sent to the camp usually were lacking in quality, and were particularly shy in quantity after being left unguarded for any length of time. American prisoners now at home will confess without shame that potato stealing was a favorite outdoor and indoor sport, the indoor part of the pastime taking the form of turning the loot into the delectable "French fried" that were privately cooked and consumed within prison barracks when German gentry armed with rifles were looking the other way.

If one were to ask an American lad who was impounded at Rastatt what was his most striking memory of the prison life there, undoubtedly he would answer on the instant, "Soup!" For meals the prisoners had soup and soup and soup, not forgetting more soup. Also there was a bit of cabbage at times, dried vegetables, atrophied potatoes, emaciated "pickles," a concoction made of beets and flattered by the name of "marmalade," a musty drink made from burnt barley and acorns and called "coffee"; also black bread, which was not improved by its coating of sawdust. In lieu of the unobtainable greases, the German bread bakers used sawdust in the bread pans to keep the dough from sticking to the pans. Instead the sawdust stuck to the bread.

From stories of returning prisoners, plus a reading of the *Barbed Wireless*, one gets the impression that the Y. M. C. A. relief organization paid untiring attention to the sporting proclivities and the souls of the prisoners while the Red Cross was quite as diligently looking after the bodily comforts of the incarcerated, especially the stomach—via which the soul so often is said to be reached. Footballs and baseballs flew through the air inside the barbed wire, checkers and chessmen clicked indoors, books were distributed, for all of which the war prisoners gave, and continue here to give, thanks to the Y. M. C. A. And between games there were distributions of packages containing tobacco—AMERICAN tobacco!—tins of biscuit, clothing, toilet articles, and heavenly concoctions of the solid nectar known as canned porknbeanswithtuhmattahsauce, the gifts of tobacco and foodstuffs and handy articles arriving from the Red Cross amid joyous rioting.

Nevertheless a prison is a prison, regardless of how fervently individuals or organizations strive to enliven tedium, particularly when we are twenty-one. What to do to make *Ukrainerlager* a bit more like Main Street, back home? They thought and schemed and thought. And one day into the face of one of the thinkers came a gleam.

"A newspaper! H-o-l-y mackerel! We'll get out a newspaper!" cried the someone, his name being lost to history because of the fact that the idea of "printing" a newspaper ricochetted so suddenly the length and breadth of the American section of *Ukrainerlager* that no one, owing to the instant uproar, since has been able to recall whose brain conceived the mighty thought.

NO GRAY-clad captor, officer, or stolid guard offered objection to the idea, so long as the circulation of the proposed publication was strictly confined to barbed-wire limits. Something like a forerunner of the paper had gone unsuppressed when the one-man art department of the contemplated *Barbed Wireless*, who is briefly described on the editorial page of the paper as "Cartoonist Harmless Hess," had made pencil caricatures in earlier days at Rastatt and had tacked the sketches on the prison bulletin board, where all who ran might grin. It goes without saying that when the idea of getting out the *Barbed Wireless* burst into flame Harmless Hess, who had been an American newspaper artist before he donned khaki, got a job on the new paper without being compelled to submit a single example of his work, or letters of introduction, to the eminent Mr. Muttonhead McGuire, the esteemed and only managing editor of the *Barbed Wireless*.

When the staff, the news, the art department, pencils, ink, and paper had been procured, who was to be found who would give his days and nights to the heart-breaking task of lettering an entire newspaper by hand? Not a soul but every American boy in camp. Dis-

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THE BARBED WIRELESS

Published spasmodically at Ukrainerlager Rastatt, Baden, by the American Overseas Publishing Company, Incorporated.

Main office ..... Barracks #2
Cable address ..... Barless
Telephones ..... Out of order

Managing Editor ..... M.Othered McOure
Chief Editorial Writer ..... Brainless Byers
Sporting Editor ..... Bonehead Butler
Society Editor ..... Unprescribed
Financial Editor ..... Worthless Whithore
Cartoonist ..... Harmless Hess
Bureau Manager ..... Unnecessary

In order to keep its readers as thoroughly misinformed as possible on all events of no importance whatever, the BARBED WIRELESS has engaged on its reportorial staff the most incompetent and unreliable writers in captivity.

Written complaints should be carefully worded using only one side of the paper, addressed plainly to the "Kick Dept., Wireless Office, and deposited in the wastebasket. This will save us the trouble of disposing of them in like manner.

Complaints made in person will be manhandled as promptly and efficiently as the size of the complainant will permit.

The BARBED WIRELESS is not entered in the post office as second class matter, there being no post office.

PLEA FOR CLEANER SPEECH

Both our YMCA secretary and the former president of the Red Cross committee have received letters from Mr Hoffman of the Y.M.C.A. (who has done so much for our welfare) in which he earnestly asks our co-operation in putting thru a campaign in Ukrainerlager for cleaner speech. This suggestion meets with the hearty approval of the committee and the "wireless" editorial staff. We regret that case should have arisen during Mr Hoffman's last visit to the camp which should make such a suggestion necessary, but since the evil does exist we must endeavor to stamp it out. Profanity is absolutely inexcusable. When a man cannot carry on an ordinary conversation without interspersing his remarks with adjectives that would make his mother blush with shame it is high time that his vocabulary be improved by reading, or study from, some of the excellent works of English literature of which our library is now replete, thanks to Mr. Hoffman's efforts and the generosity of the Y.M.C.A.

Think this over men. If you would not use obscene language in your own home, why use it here? If it's a habit which once formed is extremely difficult to break. Let's break it now before it gets too strong a hold. Be gentlemen as well as soldiers — the first is a necessary qualification for the second. There is nothing manly nor humorous in profanity or obscene language. It is an indication of a weak mind rather than a strong one. Cut it out!

We publish below Mr Hoffman's letters —

1. Addressed to Sergeant Hallyburton, Sept 6 —

continued on column 2

GONE BUT NOT FORGOTTEN

It was with sincere regret that we bid good-bye to our two leaders Sergeant Hallyburton and Private Geoghagan several days ago. It seems quite evident to all of us, why they were sent away, but while their departure has cast a shadow of sadness over the entire camp, their spirit is with us still, strengthened rather than weakened by their absence, and the good work they had been carrying on will be continued with even greater zeal by those who remain behind.

Sergeant Hallyburton, a strong man and an excellent soldier, is a born leader of men, straight as a die, and with a clear conception of right and justice — He has organized and held together the American prisoners of war ever since he captured over eleven months ago. It has been largely through his efforts assisted by Charley Geoghagan that the American prisoners have held together, acted as real men in spite of all difficulties and have finally won the honest respect of our enemies. It is to us to hold that which we have so difficultly gained — their respect. We must not lose it simply because we have lost our leaders. Let every man continually bear in mind that he is still a soldier and an AMERICAN, that this is a military organization and that discipline is an absolute necessity for our own well being.

The names of Hallyburton and Geoghagan will remain fixed in our memories for years to come — we are proud to call them our friends and accord them now our highest praise and esteem.

PLEA FOR CLEANER SPEECH continued from column 1.

"I am just wondering whether it would not be a good plan to put on a clean speech campaign. During my visit I heard considerable cursing, practically all of it unnecessary. It is up to us to make the best possible impression as Americans, and clean speech will be one of the ways in which to achieve this. Will you not talk it over with the leaders? I am writing Sergeant Dresser urging him to get the thing under way."

Letter to Sergeant Dresser same date:-

"While in the camp I heard considerable cursing which raises in my mind the question as to whether it would not be a good plan to put on a campaign for clean speech. I am anxious that our American prisoners make the best possible impression and this is one way in which we can achieve the same."

Signed Conrad Hoffman

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cretion had to be used, however, in the choice of selecting a human Hoe press. From the daintiness of the lettering, the nicety with which item dovetails into item, and the general "mechanical" excellence of the paper, it is more than probable that to Cartoonist Harmless Hess fell most of the work of "printing" as well as illustrating the thoughts which were leaping from the scintillating brains of the editorial staff before a pencil had been sharpened.

The editorial staff of the *Barbed Wireless* turns its attention to local news of *Ukrainerlager*, once it has exhausted the possibilities of the international news about the Tank-garoo and the Jumping Bullet and the undoubted fact that war prisoners were about to be lightered to Greenland because no room was left to accommodate the constantly growing crowd, even in the neutral countries of Europe—the inference being that neutral countries were all too small owing to the fact that in the World War a country had to be small to remain neutral.

Unfortunately difficulties in making clear engravings of a penciled "newspaper," the pages of which are now somewhat shopworn and faded, permit of the reproduction here of only three of the six pages of the *Barbed Wireless*. If the engraver could have transferred page five of the *Barbed Wireless* clearly enough to the pages of this magazine, the reader would see that the prison paper also contained one more news item of international, even cosmic, interest, but in this case of a nature so momentous that even so exclusive a paper as the *Barbed Wireless* could not score a beat. It is the news that the Red Sox had just won the baseball classic known as the "World's Series" from the Cubs, far away in the beloved land of the gods. Here was a bit of far-travelling news, by the way, which reached the American lads at Rastatt within a few hours after the Boston team had defeated Chicago, the news entering the camp as mysteriously as the information later on that the armistice had been signed -which also was known all over *Ukrainerlager* within two hours after the signatures had been affixed to the historic document.

From the high-school flippancy of the account of Greenland and the Tank-garoo to the unaffected seriousness of the "Plea for Clean Speech" is a big jump upward; and in between these extremes the *Barbed Wireless* has moments of serious tribute to the worth of leaders among the American prisoners who were transferred to other camps by captors who feared the powerful opposition which the leaders were offering to the insidious Hun propaganda. Again, on one of the last pages, there is a simple eulogy of a prisoner who had recently died in camp, the tribute lettered in ink with a special elaborateness that shows the letterer felt he should give the best of his art when honoring the memory of a splendid young comrade.

There are facetious jabs at the foibles of fellow prisoners, all as harmless as the squibs in the "local items" of a college paper. Gifts of games from the Y. M. C. A., box scores of prison baseball tussles, a jocular "financial department" in which the possibilities of exchanging smokes for foods or other articles are arranged in a sort of Stock Exchange report—thus the six pages are closely crowded, with "half-tone" reproductions of scenes in their own prison camp, clipped from a German publication and neatly pasted on one page, adding to the interesting variety of the only *Barbed Wireless*.

One has no doubt that in time the *Barbed Wireless* would have waxed more ambitious, perhaps even to the extent of adding a colored supplement "printed" in beet marmalade. But one November day, when things were particularly dull within the enclosure, a most marvellous message arrived in camp a few minutes after the clock had struck one in the afternoon. The armistice had been signed! And, of equal importance, a paragraph of the document insisted that all Allied prisoners were to be liberated forthwith!! There were cheers—a few; but chiefly the great joy that surged through the hearts of the caged young eagles at Rastatt took the form of bear hugs, wild cavortings, meaningless yelps of song, a scramble to pack up one's pitifully scant belongings with a hurly-burly of haste that indicated that every American mother's son in camp fully expected to board the 1.30 ferry for New York or never see home again.

Not all of them waited for a formal leave-taking By bedtime that night many a bunk in the barracks was vacant, the fugitives—who found little difficulty in getting outside the barbed wire because of a post-armistice laxity which caused even German officers in the camp to strip the insignia of Prussian militarism off their own gray uniforms climbing under the barbed wire after nightfall, walking till dawn, hiding by day and taking up the hike again at dark and so arriving, after two or three nights of travel, inside the American lines.

Gone was all thought now of prison-camp journalism, except in the heart of one meticulous youth, who carried through the nights the copy of the *Barbed Wireless* which THE RED CROSS MAGAZINE is privileged here to reproduce. And—let it be said to any editor of the prison paper whose glance may meet these lines—the copy of the *Barbed Wireless* which the soldier boy carried tenderly from Rastatt to Manhattan was worth all the care he gave toward its preservation. For, setting aside even the interest in its method of production, the little journal is an epitome of clean American youth, from the happy foolishness of its first page to the last item, wherein a plea is made to join the prison Bible class, which "at present is studying 'Jesus of Nazareth,' a book translated from the French by a few prisoners like ourselves for the use of their companions and others in captivity."

ARE YOU EDUCATED?

DO YOU know a man whose education has proved equal to the complicated and involved life of to-day? Think a minute! Can you point out among your friends a man whose training has actually met the diversified and almost antagonistic needs of our business life—our social life—even our spiritual life? Can such an education be? We put these questions to Mr. Bruce Barton, who will answer them in the July number. His answers will start you thinking. They may also help you to solve that difficult problem of your child's education and his life work.

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CHILDREN OF THE FAR EAST

Maybe they are hoping to be circus performers —these boys on bamboo stilts!

Child labor in Japan is shown in the upper picture, for these young girls are enamelling cloisonné vases for the American trade. At the right young nurses are seen playing games in the grounds of a Shinto temple. There is little call, as you can plainly see, for baby carriages in Japan!

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PLAY AND WORK IN THE ORIENT

IN THE Orient, childhood remains untouched by the war. Child life is normal. Gaiety, laughter, joy of life, tinged with some duties, are shown in these photographs American childhood, too, has felt the war but slightly. It is on the children of Europe that the full horror of it has fallen. Heartrending details come to us—grim tragic facts: fever, starvation, death. It is for the rest of the world to help bring back vitality to these worn and stricken children and to win back slowly, day by patient day, strength, peace, abounding energy, joy in life—yes, Childhood itself.

In the upper picture is a Chinese rocking-horse and its owners. The centre picture shows the schoolboys at the Peking Mission School playing "Skinning the Snake." That the interior of a schoolroom in Japan does not differ so materially from ours is brought out in the lower photograph

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TWO WOMEN

By Dorothy Canfield

TWO women, come together from the ends of the earth, sat in the convent parlor and talked of how best to help fatherless children.

Into that shaded place of half-lights the American brought almost visible sunshine. She was a woman of the world; that spoke from every line of her compact, upright figure, from the fine simplicity of her white dress, from the gentle, assured directness of her speech and manner. But she was no imitation of a European woman of the world. No European of her class would have brought that aroma of sea air and upland pastures into the convent room, nor could have kept in her passive attitude that suggestion of light, outdoor fleetness, nor that racy tang of humor in her quiet eyes. She sat there on the straight convent chair, the blue of the sky in her eyes, in her small bright hat, in her silky knit coat; the white of the clouds in her dress, her hands, her smooth, fair skin; the purity of all natural life on her beneficent brows.

The woman who sat opposite her was of her age and her equal in beauty. The deep eyes which now she bent on the visitor from the New World now dropped to the crucifix clasped tightly in her thin white fingers, were as clear as those of the American, but their purity was unearthly, was made up of vigils, of abnegations, of denials of the nature that blossomed so fair and free in the woman before her. Her delicate face, drooping in the pearl-like shadow of her wide-winged white coif, had the subtle modeling of asceticism, the lines all faintly incurving, the skin of an extreme indoor fineness, not wrinkled and yet not fresh, all the fleshy radiance gone, like a magnolia flower that has begun ever so imperceptibly to wilt. All the rest was shadowy black draperies, wide sleeves, sweeping black skirts, no woman's body clad, but a symbol of renunciation. She was like a visible emanation of the cloistered black-and-white convent room in which they sat.

They were fresh from a careful inspection of the building, and they spoke of how best to help the fatherless children sheltered in it. The American brought not only sunshine to that room but a sudden wideness of material possibilities. The nun spoke painfully of limitations, narrowing always; of food that grew more and more costly; of resources that grew less as the strain on the country grew greater. The American spoke cheerfully, confidently, of immediate help. The nun spoke sadly of necessities they could not give the children. The Red Cross delegate, with matter-of-fact quiet, spoke of giving aid that would bring more to the children than they ever had. The room grew larger, the air freer, as she spoke. The nun clasped and unclasped the crucifix in her thin hands; her delicate lips, of a faint pink, trembled.

But this was not all. With as sure a footing as, one divined, she would walk a mountain road, the American stepped lightly and firmly into the realm of material details and, at her ease, quietly trod the solid earth there as under the sky. She knew what questions to ask, and she asked them with an openness so honest that the nun, sensitively on the watch for interference from the strange new ways, fearing some tarnishing note of materialism-in-command, relaxed, answered ismply as though speaking of familiar matters to an old friend. The American knew what might happen, and what measures to take to prevent its happening. She averted her eyes from the old sources of traditional bitterness which might have prevented a Frenchwoman, even the wisest, from doing what she did; she passed them by; she put her warm hands into the white fingers of the nun and led her into a clear, neutral field of simple, homely, material problems, such as women in charge of children always have, to be solved by honest, practical, laborious effort in common—there would be so many children, with such definite needs, with these new certain safeguards necessary to their welfare, with these easy harmless concessions to New World ideas, all in the new, impersonal world, the American world, of economic and hygienic considerations, too new for the old distrusts, the old dissensions, to have entered. All of this she presented so quietly, so swiftly, with so deft a hand that it seemed as natural as sunlight; and all of them colored by the light from a horizon which the nun saw widening miraculously before her eyes.

No concessions demanded on thorny matters of tradition—there, it was all done. The delegate rose with a smile, and made ready to go.

The nun stood up, too, a certain bewilderment in her eyes. Could it have happened so simply as this, the great change which she had hoped for and had dreaded? Could the horizon grow wider with no storms, like the quiet coming of day?

She thought, with an instant's intense burning joy, of the meaning of it all. She yearned, with a saint's passions, over the children to whom that talk would bring safety, salvation; and her yearning shone like an altar-light in the unearthly purity of her eyes.

The other woman was thinking of those children, too, and her lips curved with a mother's ineffable tenderness.

They stood for a moment, silent, alike and so different—one a richly blooming white rose, rooted deep in the wholesome earth; the other a clear, small, white flame, burning still and fervent, before a shrine.

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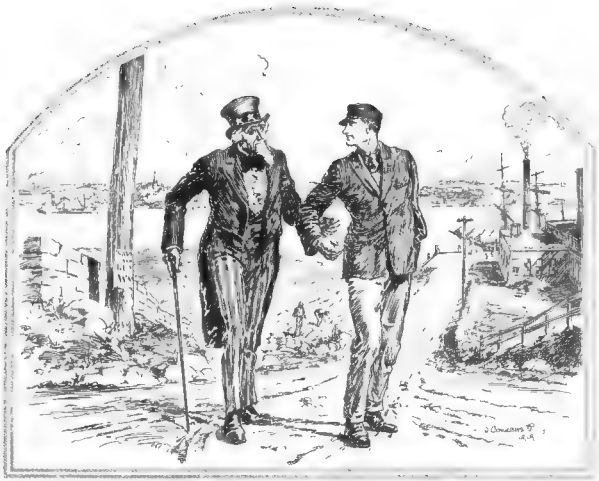

"It's quite a hill to climb, my boy,
I'm going along with you on it"

YOU AND OUR MAIMED SOLDIERS

By Samuel Hopkins Adams

Illustrated by John Conacher

WHILE war was in progress, the whole concern of the reconstruction department was to cure and train the maimed or crippled to a point where he could again be useful in the service and could take his place at a desk, a typewriter, or at a bench in an army shop, thus releasing an able-bodied man to the actual fighting. Hence there was no difficulty to consider in the matter of placing the men The place would be ready when the man was. With the signing of the armistice came an abrupt and radical change. No longer was there a call in advance from the Army and Navy for the output of the human repair shops. The natural market was gone. To find in the business and labor world an outlet for their products was now the Government's problem, and if, in some particulars, the progress of the reconstruction programme has seemed slow, it is largely due to this necessity of a complete readjustment.

In the matter of training no fundamental change was required; but, rather, an extensive broadening of the field so that the men might spread out over many occupations instead of overcrowding a few. Many of the industrial experiments described in my preceding article would be useless in any department of the Army

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and Navy, while still fitting a man to take his place in the competition of civil life. The difficulty, then, lies not so much in training the crippled men as in educating the prospective employers. The manufacturers and business men of the country must be persuaded out of the natural but erroneous belief that, because a man has lost an arm or a leg or a sense, he is therefore economically a defective; and educated into perceiving that while a cripple cannot do so many things as a whole man, those that are within his scope he can perform, after the Government is through with him, better than the average. Sheer earning capacity is to be the basis, and the sole basis, upon which the Government seeks jobs for its maimed. The instinctive response of the business man to an application on behalf of a cripple is to put his hand in his pocket and say:

"I'll be glad to help, but so far as my plant is concerned, we're not running a Rescue Mission."

Or, he will perhaps swell up a little in a conscious glow of patriotism and say, condescendingly:

"I'll take him. He's done his bit for the war and I'll do my bit for him."

No jobs will be accepted on any such ground. The Government proposes to be able to say to any employer whom it approaches: "We've tried this man out on your kind of a job, and we know that he can make good. If he doesn't we will not expect or wish you to keep him. We are making you a business proposition, not an appeal for charity."

THAT we have so long deemed our physically defective liabilities and not assets is a reflection on our boasted American ingenuity and adaptability. At the most stressful industrial period of the war an industrial engineer, now engaged in the Government's reconstruction work, visited a factory plant in a large city and listened to the plaint of the manager over labor shortage.

"Then why waste man-power?" returned the visitor.

"Every employee in this place," averred the other, "is working full time and over-time as hard as big pay will induce him to work."

The engineer stepped out of the elevator in which they had ascended, and indicated the operator, a powerful and competent fellow of middle age. "There's good labor wasted."

"I have to have a man on the elevator, don't I?"

"No."

"Oh, I suppose I might get a woman; but the workmen are always going around half dressed, and it's no place for a woman."

"I don't mean a woman either," said the engineer.

The manager stared. "You don't think that elevator'll run itself, maybe? If I don't have a man or woman on it, what do I have?"

"Half a man, and put your whole man on a whole man's job. I'll get you one."

He went away and returned with a railroad wreck—a man with a twisted leg and one arm gone, but willing, intelligent, and just as competent to run an elevator as if he had possessed more members than an octopus. Further investigation in the plant showed nearly fifty jobs perfectly suited to the cripples of various degrees, and even a few that the deaf or the blind could perform.

Unobtrusively but on a broad scale an industrial survey is now being made under the supervision of two noted experts acting officially for the Red Cross Institute for the Blind, which is associated with U. S. Army General Hospital No. 7 at Evergreen, near Baltimore, but actually covering with their observations the whole field of opportunity for the physically handicapped. A representative of the Institute visits an industrial plant and explains his mission. Very likely the owner is unsympathetic or suspicious of what he fears may be Government interference. But the representative has something tangible to offer him.

"WE PROPOSE," he says, "to make a job analysis of your plant. The analysis will show just what qualifications are required for each job! Whether it can best be filled by a man or a woman, whether it calls for physical strength or mental alertness, what degree of intelligence and education is necessary for it, and so on. For a similar survey made in the ——— Manufacturing Company plant I received $1,500."

"How much will this cost us?" asks the manufacturer.

"Nothing."

"Then what do you ask of us?"

"Only that, if we can furnish you the kind of labor you need, you will give it a chance."

Seldom does a proposition as advantageous as this fall on deaf ears. Such surveys have been made or are being carried on in packing plants, furniture factories, machine shops, automobile plants, electrical supply establishments, printing houses, telephone centrals, typewriting agencies, lighting systems, and, in fact, industrial concerns of almost every kind. It is already determined that there are more than four hundred gainful occupations to which the blind can be successfully trained. For the deaf, and those who have lost one or more members, the list is greatly extended.

Take machine work, for example. At first thought safety would seem to require that the worker with machinery should have all his members and capacities unimpaired. But much modern machinery is so guarded as to be practically "fool-proof" against injury. The superintendent of a machinery plant in a western town was quite scandalized by the suggestion that blind men ought to be employed on the punch presses.

"Why, they'd murder themselves!" he said.

"How much visual attention do the men now on the job give to it?" asked the industrial expert who had advanced the proposition.

They went to the punch-press room to determine. The men at work were looking anywhere but at their machines —out of windows, at each other, or lost in dreamy contemplation of the walls. Asking leave to try an experiment, the expert blindfolded one of the most skilful of the workers who, after a moment's fumbling and hesitation, went on with his job. The superintendent admitted that perhaps a sightless man could fill such a place.

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"And you know, Maggie—a wooden leg is not hereditary"

"Not only that," the surveyor assured him, "but he'll probably do the best work of the lot, because his attention won't be distracted by other matters so much as his fellows'."

Jobs will be open to the blind in that concern as soon as the men get the technical training to fit them for the work. A score of "sightless" jobs were found by the survey in a factory making roller-bearing machine steel chains for transmission: some being the actual fitting together of the parts; others, strange though it may seem, being inspection and testing, which can be done as well by touch as by sight.

Motion pictures play an important part in the determination of jobs for the handicapped. An operator is sent, for instance, to a chair factory, where he selects a number of the most skilled workmen in various lines of work, and photographs the entire process. The pictures are then studied and analyzed by a corps of experts. False or wasted motions are detected, in the "pitiless publicity" which this kind of minute presentation gives, and eliminated. There remains to decide what branches of the work can be handled by the various types of patients. This carving from a set model can be done by a blind man; so can that joining. Here is a machine which a one-armed man can operate, by the elimination of all waste movements and the correct manipulation of the clamp which substitutes for his missing hand. A dozen bench jobs are open to the one-legged or even the legless man; and nearly everything in the furniture-making line is practicable to the trained deaf. But always the highest standards are held up as an essential to taking the position. The question is never whether the cripple can do enough to hold his employment on sufferance. It is always: Can he *fill* the requirements? If not, the job is not for him and another must be found. For, in the end, the practical, matter-of-fact business world will inevitably judge its experiment on the unsentimental basis of whether or not the men can make good in a fair field. If not, let them live on their pensions and leave work to those who can do it properly! And the reconstruction authorities are quite willing to meet this test and abide by the rigor of the game. So are the men. Most of them have carried their fighting spirit into and out of hospital with them, and it will be a mighty asset in the struggle to make good in the world. They ask no

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favors. That is the essence and spirit of the uncrippled morale of the crippled.

Having "placed" them, Uncle Sam is not going to wash his hands of them, however. Though they are discharged from the service before accepting a position, the Government still feels a moral responsibility, both to them and to their employers. Through a follow-up system it will endeavor to make sure that their jobs are proper ones for them, that they are being properly treated and, not less important, that their attitude toward their employment is correct and fair. For upon this, too, the eventual success of the movement depends in no small measure. It is not employment alone, but permanent employment, satisfaction of both employer and employed, and the confidence of the business world in the experiment to which the programme looks. A thousand men could be scattered and placed on sufferance or sympathy. Thirty thousand, which is the number of the Government's more or less incapacitated wards, can be successfully merged with the nation's economic structure only on the basis of efficiency.

OF ALL the plans for the replacement of the war victims in civil life, the most ambitious and extensive is the scheme for a system of chain stores to be operated by the blind. They will be called "Victory Stores," and will be distinguished by a specially designed front, and floors of tiling specifically patterned for them and manufactured by blind experts. The United Drug Company has offered its services to work out the details of the plan, although in some lines the "blind" stores will be its competitor. Every store will be built on the same plan, with a system of extension by units where necessary. It will be completely standardized, so that the man who learns his way about the model will be equally familiar with any of the shops. The stock will be package goods, tobacco, toilet preparations, newspapers, magazines, stationery, candy, and specialties; also wares made by the blind at Evergreen and elsewhere. The general policy will be to handle all-the-year-around articles making a quick turn-over, preferably such as are nationally advertised, though each store will do its own individual local advertising. The store manager will, in every case, be a blind man. He will have a living salary and a commission, and can buy stock in the concern. He will have a sighted assistant, wherever possible a one-armed, one-legged, legless, or deaf veteran of the war. Should he have a wife, sister or fiancée who wishes to go in with him, she may come to Evergreen and take a two-months' intensive business course, paralleling and supplementing the longer training which he has. Buying for the chain will be done by a central agency which, doing business on so large a scale—for there will be about two dozen stores at the outset—can command advantageous prices. The scheme is backed by a group of business men who see in it a profitable venture with the chances of failure reduced to a minimum. Already two Victory Stores are being operated in Baltimore under a United Drug Syndicate man of wide experience, and these are being used as a proving ground for the blind managers who, as soon as they are judged competent, will be sent out to branches established, where possible, in their home cities. They will have at their command every known device of business-getting. But one, which doubtless would prove a high-power trade asset, they will not employ—the bid for patronage on the ground of their blindness. For all business purposes they will have as good eyes as anybody!

Nature, fortunately, has wonderful powers of compensation. Deprived of the support of one sense, the body at once sharpens the other senses to make up for the lack. Moreover, there is a gain in concentration. Tests have been made with blind armature winders in competition against sighted workers, and invariably the blind are as accurate and more speedy. While the war was still on a blind man who had never before had the experience was tried out as a listener for submarines, and bettered the performances of the long-trained experts. Sightless workers in the accurate task of modelling cores for castings turn out the most even and perfect results, from the accentuated sense of touch. It is thought, then, an important field may be developed in the expert judgment of teas, cheese, spices, and other foods, by training the blind and perhaps the deaf to fine discriminations of taste. And the increased responsiveness of the blind to musical expression is proverbial, and is paralleled by the tendency of the deaf to employ line and color.

As yet the process of carrying the war cripples through the hospital and shop training into the hands of the Federal Board of Vocational Education, and thence out into the main economic current, has not had time to progress so far that many examples are at hand. But there are some instances which sufficiently indicate the promise of success, and a few which, discharged early, already show the performance.

A CORPORAL of infantry, who had left a well-paid place at a machine to enlist, came back minus a right arm. After a course in intensive training with some special education, he got his discharge and one day dropped in on his old employer. The "boss" looked at his artificial arm.

"Of course you won't be as good a workman as you were," said he, dubiously. "But"—with a burst of generosity—"come back and you can have your job."

"I don't want it, thank you," replied the veteran, composedly.

"What are you going to do, then?"

"Get a better one."

The employer was incredulous. "What as?"

"A draughtsman. They've taught me draughting while I was getting mended up."

"We need another man in the draughting room," said the employer. "How good are you?"

"Just as good as if I had three arms. Try me and see."

He got his trial, and a position at better pay than his former job brought him.

For an unpromising subject, G——— L——, a Negro private, who arrived at the base hospital with only the stump of his right arm and a mind wholly innocent

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"Why! Of course I'm better off than before the war. You see it wasn't my bean *that was amputated"*

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of any one of the "three R's," gives indication of turning out well. Before the war he was an Alabama mill hand. At the hospital he not only proved himself deft at manual exercises, but also showed an almost pathetic eagerness for an education, and a corresponding acquisitiveness. After some three months of hard application to his studies he sat down one day and, without saying anything to any one, wrote to his old employer to ask for his job back. The employer replied, in a vein of skepticism:

"What is this, George? I know you do not know how to read or write and your father tells me your right arm was shot off. Who wrote that letter for you?"

To which the proud applicant replied: "It's the truth. I could not read or write at home and they told you right about my arm, so I done wrote this with my left hand like they learned me in this place. The Board is going to send me to Atlanta for more schooling. So can I get my job back boss when I get out?"

The astonished mill man answered: "No, you can't have your job back. But if you aren't lying, I'll make you foreman the day you sign up for it with that left hand."

In these two cases the loss of limb, instead of being a handicap, proved an actual asset. This is the ideal result of reconstruction: to give the man a higher status than he had before.

There is an assured future for a blind sergeant now at Evergreen, a type of the "sighted blind" of whom I spoke in my previous article, perfectly normal in his physical and mental hearing. He has been taking a course in anatomy and scientific massage at Johns Hopkins, and will presently graduate into a field where there is a great demand and almost no competent supply, most so-called masseurs being wholly unequipped on the scientific side. Already, physicians of note who have heard about him are inquiring whether he cannot be induced to settle in their respective cities, and stating their readiness to guarantee him all the work he wants.

When all is said, the problem of employment is not the most difficult one. More delicate is the question of how the public will receive and assimilate socially these men who, next to the dead, have given most to the cause of democracy. The essential thing is that they shall achieve a position as normal in everyday association as is the place which they will make for themselves, by their own specially trained faculties, in the economic scheme. If they are to be set apart, looked at askance—even though it be in sympathy—life is going to be hard for them, for the crippled, maimed, or defective has his own special sensitiveness. Happily this has been dulled by the total ignoring and, indeed, forgetfulness of anything out of the ordinary in his condition, universally manifested by those with whom he has come in contact through the reconstruction programme. Then, too, the large number of those in his condition will soon accustom the public to accept it naturally. On this point, Michell Dowling, handless, legless, and a bank president, who manages to go through life pretty much as other people do, spoke tellingly before the American Medical Association members specially interested in reconstruction.

"I think there is danger of too much being attempted and making it too easy for the men who come back with a leg gone or an arm gone. Now an arm being gone is a mere bagatelle; two arms don't amount to anything; and I can assure you from personal experience that it doesn't mean anything to have both legs and both hands gone. There is just as much fun in living. . . What the so-called cripple needs is not charity but a chance. The fight that wants to be put up at this important time is not between money and opportunity and the loss of legs or arms or eyes or other members of the body; but it is a fight between General Gorgas (at that time Surgeon-General of the Army, in charge of the reconstruction campaign) and general despondency. Every community and every family ought to see to it that every other member of the family pays no attention to a hunchback, never looks at a man with clubfoot as he walks down the street, especially never looks at his deformity, and never looks at a man with a peg leg or with an empty coat sleeve. It should be taught in the schools. It should be preached from the pulpits."

There is the great reconstruction lesson for the public, delivered by a Doctor of the School of Experience. Give the cripple his chance to be normal—like others—and leave the rest to him.

THE HERO

By Mary Coles Carrington

I THOUGHT to see a stalwart man of mark,
Deep-chested, tall, since his lone strength prevailed
Against the guns whose ceaseless roar assailed
His desperate passage through the hostile dark.
He who could with grim hardihood embark
On such a mad endeavor, who had haled
Those gas-choked, stricken comrades, shrapnel-flailed,
From death to life, must wear a courage stark.

And, lo, a stripling, pale, unsmiling, shy,
Hesitant, halt, no figure of romance!
Baffled, I paused; then chanced to meet his eye—
There shone his gallant soul! One kindling glance
Revealed the man! Through quick tears looking down,
I saw the empty sleeve, his valor's crown.

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AMERICANISMS

By Angelo Patri

Little essays dealing with the value of community relations and a love of America written by an able and progressive schoolmaster

DEMOCRACY

OVER in Germany they said: "How can America be a nation? It is made of Germans, Italians, Russians, Turks. Every nation under the sun is there. Once an Englishman always an Englishman. Can a leopard change his spots?"

We don't know whether he can or not. Let him keep his spots. He needs them to be a good leopard.

The enemy made a mistake, a big one. He thought there was no America because there is no national food. Every man eats what he pleases. There is no national dress. The American wears what he pleases. There is no national church. The American worships as he pleases.

America is too big to be measured by dress or food or religion. America is an Idea, the Democracy of Life, the right of all men to live freely, fully; the brotherhood of men.

Abraham Lincoln was our great American. He was our great democrat. He loved all people. When he was a boy he saw slaves sold at auction. He grieved for months. Then he promised that when the opportunity came he would do his best to wipe out slavery. He saw black men as his brothers. When somebody sneered at some of his poor neighbors who had come to see him and called them "common," Lincoln said, "The Lord must have loved common people; He made so many of them." When a friend went to him and said, "Get rid of Stanton. He is your enemy," Lincoln said, "He makes a fine secretary. We can't afford to lose him. Never mind me."

Once when the war was nearly over, when the victors were cheering and claiming the fruits of victory, and asking that the brave men who opposed them be punished, Lincoln said, "With malice toward none, with charity for all, to do the right as God gives me to see the right——" When Vallandigham cheered for the South while he stayed in the North, people wanted him shot. Lincoln sent him safely through to the Confederate lines. Lincoln was an American. He had the idea. All men were his brothers. He was brother to the world.

An Englishman may eat marmalade and bacon for breakfast in America and be an American. The Italian eats his macaroni and goes to a church under a Roman Catholic cross and is an American. The Jew keeps his Sabbath on Saturday and is an American.

We are gathered from the ends of the earth. We change not our spots. But we *are* Americans. We have the great idea.

TRUTH

AMERICANS are a restless lot. They are the gypsies of the world. They jump about from place to place. You will find them in the four quarters of the earth, always busy, always changing something. They are never satisfied with the old way. They want a new way. They make one feel old and tired."

People of other countries said this about us. Sometimes it hurt our feelings, and we scolded. Sometimes it hurt our pride and we tried to look old and wise and keep very quiet. Now we know it was true and we are glad of it.

We are nervous and restless and busy and everywhere at once. There is so much to be done. And the nervous people do the work of the world.

A nervous American wanted to talk to his neighbors. Time was precious and they lived far away. He made the telephone. Now we talk to our neighbors a thousand miles away as easily as to those next door.

One restless American couldn't work by daylight. He needed twenty hours to call it a day. Candles and lamps were too fussy and mussy. They made him nervous. He fixed up a little electric light that turned on and off with a pinch of his finger. And he lit the great, round world.

Once we needed our big battleship, the *Oregon*. We were in a hurry. Of course, we were. But the *Oregon* was in the Pacific and had to sail around South America to get home. Thousands of miles and a month of time! "Never again," said America, and an Army engineer and a host of workers cut Panama through.

A pair of busy American lads grew weary of traveling about in cars and boats. They tried the air. Now we hurrying Americans can send our letters through the air in a ship as pretty and as fast as a bird.

Americans are nervous, restless people. They are the searchers of the earth. They dig deep into her secrets and give their finds to the world. They want to push the old world farther ahead than they found it.

Bell and Edison and the Wright boys are restless truth seekers. America is made of them and by them.

Hurrah for the gypsies of the world! Hurrah for the nervous, restless, dissatisfied Americans!

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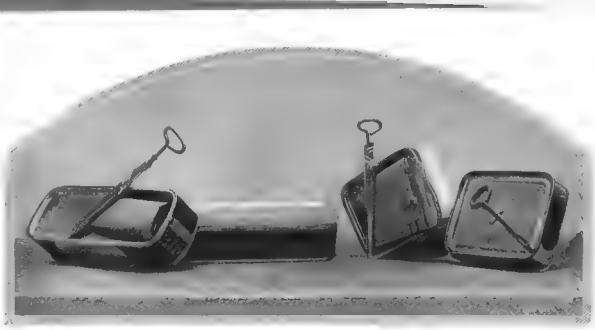

These sardine cans, containing propaganda, were sent to French prisoners in Germany. The French, recognizing the propaganda tins by agreed marks, left them around to be picked up by hungry German guards

"POISONED ARROWS"

By William G. Shepherd

How Von Hindenburg Cried Out Against Our Attacks on the German Morale

ONE month before the war was ended a thing was happening in Germany, so terrible and blighting in its effects on both the soldiers and the civilians of the empire, that grim old Von Hindenburg, always with his fingers on the pulse of the German masses, shrieked aloud with fear—a well-founded fear of the awful thing that happened to his country one month later—in a voice which he hoped would ring throughout the Fatherland.

His cry came too late. Every so-called evil which he prophesied in his message of alarm came to pass before many days had gone by.

The poisoned arrows which killed the spirit

THE enemy not alone deluges our front with a drum fire of artillery but also with the drum fire of printed paper.

"His fliers, besides throwing bombs which kill the body, throw handbills which are aimed to kill the spirit.

"In June our soldiers on the west front delivered to the rear lines 120,000 of these handbills.

"In July they brought to the rear 10,000 poisoned arrows, daily.

"Ten thousand times a day in July the attempt was made to rob the individual of the conviction of the justice of our cause.

"The enemy hopes that many of our soldiers will send home the leaflets that flutter down so innocently. At home this leaflet will wander from hand to hand, it will be discussed over the beer tables, in the family, in the women's sewing circles, in the factories, and in the streets. All unsuspecting, thousands will absorb the poison contained in these handbills; for thousands the burdens of the war will thus be made more difficult to bear, and these will write of their doubts to those at the front

"You are told by the enemy, 'You Germans' your system of government is wrong. Fight the Hohenzollerns! Help us to give you a better government!'

"They seek to destroy the dream of centuries—the German empire."

Field Marshal Von Hindenburg, in special orders to the German Army in September, 1918.

had played their part with the shells that killed the body; and Germany found herself whipped, body and spirit.

Shooting at human spirits with poisoned arrows is no mean job. Proud as the artilleryman may be of his conquest of the science of shelling; wondrous as is the act of sending into the sky a whirling, buzzing mass of explosive-filled steel, guiding it in its every whirl with the fingers of science and putting it down in a certain spot, to explode at a certain instant; there is, in this other new science of shooting poisoned arrows aimed at human minds, a marvel that surpasses many of the other arts of war.

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The first poisoned arrows of this war were sent, unofficially, into the enemy's lines by a group of angry British Tommies, known as The Buffs. These excellent but usually placid soldiers, after they had settled down into the winter's mud in Flanders in the early winter of 1914, took, in the course of a day's work, a small batch of German prisoners.

The Germans came into the British lines, trembling like palsied men. It is unnecessary to set forth in full force the exact content of the question which one of The Buffs put to the Germans. Suffice it to say, he asked them: "What —— —— —— are you shaking for?"

"Don't kill us, please, *Kamarads*," gibbered one German.

"Maybe we ought to, but we won't," said a sergeant.

"Won't kill us?" said a prisoner, a hopeful light coming into his eyes.

"'Course not," said the sergeant. "Do you think we're devils?"

"They told us you were savages, back in our lines," said one German.

And then the whole truth came out; the German officers were telling the German soldiers that the English and the French were killing every prisoner they took.

That night in The Buffs' trench there was a great scurrying about for odd bits of clean paper and fountain pens. Dozens of notes were written, in dozens of kinds of handwriting, all in the English language (for The Buffs are not famous as linguists), and all running to this effect:

"Fritz! Your officers are blankety-blank-blank liars when they tell you that we Buffs kill our prisoners. We are not savages. Your pals that we took to-day are alive and well, with all the cigarettes and food they can use. We give you our word that if you're sick of fighting, all you have to do is to go up to one of our sentries, give him one of these notes, tell him you're through, and he'll send you back, where you'll be well cared for. And when the war is over, you'll be sent back home, happy."

These notes, tied to stones, were thrown, at night, by hand into "Germany."

Big promises for a handful of British soldiers to make. But, when, within a few days, several German soldiers, taking The Buffs at their word, appeared before British sentries, each with one of the precious but very crumpled and very dirty notes, The Buffs accepted their surrender as a compliment and every promise they had made was fully kept.

THE word of what The Buffs had done went along the British lines, and also along the German lines. The trenches were very close together that winter in Flanders. I have been in a British trench that was only sixty-five feet distant from the German. It was easy to throw messages across the narrow spaces, and many were the crude notes exchanged. But, where the trenches were farther separated, arm power did not suffice. And here entered the first mechanical means for the throwing of "poisoned arrows." It was before the day of swarming airplanes. It was a day, remember, before that all-encompassing word, "propaganda," had come into use; a day far in advance of the time when great branches of the Army were devoted entirely to making and throwing the spirit-killing missives; a day long removed from the time when airplanes, balloons, special shells and mechanical contrivances, costing perhaps millions of dollars, were to be devoted solely to introducing propaganda into the enemy's country. This was, up to now, only a spontaneous movement of the private soldiers, permitted and, in some instances of course, encouraged by the local sector officers. It is interesting to know, therefore, that the soldier who couldn't reach the enemy in a far-away trench, by arm power, made use of a common and humble little instrument which will go down in the history of propaganda as the forerunner of all the elaborate machinery that was later developed.

This first piece of propaganda machinery was nothing more nor less than the sling-shot of our boyhood.

Rubber bands were far above par price in certain trenches in Flanders that winter. Woe to the soldier who, going back to civilization on leave, did not return with a good supply of strong, snappy sling-shot bands! Like schoolboys the British Tommies sought out good sling-shot "crutches" in the branches of the lonely, scattered trees of Flanders.

THE Germans did not respond to the sling-shot messages by using rubber; rubber was too scarce in their country, even to carry limousined generals, to say nothing of helping private soldiers talk across No Man's land to the enemy.

But, to give the German soldier his due, he *did* succeed in developing the second mechanical means of conversation. While the British Tommy was jeering and hooting and arguing and telling the truth by means of writing paper, carbon paper, pencil, pen, ink, rubber, and tree branches, the German turned to chalk and a blackboard.

He thrust his message up above the trench and held it there until it was seen and read. Usually the British Tommy, after having read the message, which was generally written in crude English, put a period to it and other punctuation marks as well with a fusillade of rifle shots. British sling-shots stood the racket better and lasted longer than did the German blackboards.

This interchange of opinion, comment, and news between the trenches continued until one certain, great, memorable Christmas Day the soldiers from the two trenches crawled out of their muddy homes into No Man's land and, after exchanging cigarettes, cigars, drinks, and opinions, proceeded, throughout a dozen very wonderful hours of truce, to talk out, face to face, the things they had been discussing in lead, ink, and chalk.

The Christmas truce of 1914 ended the talk between the trenches. From then on it was decided by the higher powers on both sides that, though the inter-trench and the behind-the-lines propaganda was a

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The upper picture shows a corked tube, which was dropped into the Rhine in Switzerland to float down to Germany

The upper picture shows propaganda containers dropped from a balloon. At the left, a bomb fired from a trench mortar

very good thing, it could not safely be left to the common soldiers or to the lesser officers.

The spring of 1915 found both the Allies and the Germans busily at work establishing "poisoned arrow departments." The desire of the British soldier, and later of the French, to tell the enemy the truth about himself, to repudiate the lies that enemy officers told enemy privates about him and his cruelty, to tell the enemy soldier how foolish he looked fighting for Prussianism and the evils of autocracy—this desire of simple fighting men grew into a mighty, astonishingly effective machine known, on all the Allied sides, as the department of propaganda.

The official venture of preparing and distributing the poison arrows of truth and fact started out slowly; the field was new, the trail unblazed, and the possibilities unlimited. The fighting portions of the British and French armies were so busy fighting that it was difficult to get them to lend much assistance to the new branch. They, sunk in the problem of killing bodies,

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found little interest in the problem of killing spirits. Shells, bullets, and corpses were tangible things; little bits of papers, printed in German, aimed at such indefinite targets as human minds seemed, for a time, like silly toys to them. But they soon changed their minds.

The British and the French bureaus of propaganda sent throughout their armies an order something like this, countersigned from above:

"Find all the men in your unit who can speak German. Get a history of their birth or their education, and ascertain exactly in what dialect they are most proficient."

THIS order resulted in bringing to the fore hundreds of men who spoke German as well as any Berliner. In England, for instance, it brought to official attention a loyal British nobleman who had spent many years in high and even royal German society. With a map of Germany before them, the Allied propagandists found not one man but dozens who spoke the dialect of every little corner of Germany, from Berlin's Forty-second Street and Broadway, which is Friedrichstrasse and Unter den Linden, to the farm districts in East Prussia, or the Rhenish vineyards. The Bureau of Propaganda, scanning its maps and lists, might have ordered a letter written to any village on which the point of a lead pencil might accidentally fall, and be sure that, among its great staff, it could find a man who could write it in complete perfection of idiom, dialect, patois, and even local slang. Special printing presses were set up at points like St. Omer and other headquarter towns. German type was secured from the offices of abandoned German newspapers and, in some instances, was even cast anew. British and French writers and journalists were engaged. Vast quantities of yellow paper were secured—no one has ever yet discovered just exactly why it was believed that yellow paper would be most likely to catch the Teuton eye—and the bureaus found themselves ready to begin their job of rubbing the cobwebs from the minds of the German people and cutting the cataracts from their eyes.

The field developed amazingly as the days went by. The year 1915 was spent mostly in finding out how to do the job. Airplanes were the chief means of conveyance, and it became a sort of expected sideline with an airplane pilot or his observer to drop on the enemy lines a batch of yellow printed slips which were handed to him just before sailing time. He did not do the work methodically, of course. Some time, during the course of his flight, seeing below him a mass of troops or a line of trenches, he would toss down on them a little yellow snow-storm and fly along to other tasks.

The text of the messages varied greatly; the editors of these yellow sky-newspapers depended upon the news of the day to a great extent. Back in the British and French capitals propaganda experts, in touch with the foreign office and with the department of intelligence which was constantly bringing in the latest news from the interior of Germany as well as from the heart of the German army and the German fleet, gave orders, suggestions, or dearly obtained information to the pamphleteers. Always there was some lie they wanted scotched; and the editors, writing their pamphlets, scotched it. Often there were great pieces of news they wished to give to the enemy soldiers, which they were sure these soldiers would not otherwise receive; and the editors, giving their yellow pamphlets to their sky newsboys for distribution, told the enemy the big story. Extra editions carried only short editorials on some moot question that was bothering the German mind.

The year 1916 found the "poisoned arrow departments" of both the Allied and the Teutonic Armies working at high efficiency. It is a significant fact that the German air propaganda consisted mostly of news items or threats; these were intended to disconcert or to discourage the enemy. Never did their propagandists attempt to give arguments in favor of the German cause. In all the wonderful War Museum in Paris I to-day fail to find any of the German pamphlets which even attempted to convince a Frenchman or an Englishman that the German cause was *right*. On the other hand, a résumé of the thousands of pamphlets in the Museum, distributed by the Allies, discloses a world of argument. The poisoned arrows of Von Hindenburg could strike home nowhere in all France or England, while the poisoned arrows of the Allies, armed with truth, pierced the German armor at every shot. It was as if the Germans shot with shells that did not explode, while every shell of the Allies counted. How could Germany win in the war of killing the enemy spirit with odds against her like that? Is there any wonder that at last, in September, Von Hindenburg called out his fright?

IN CONNECTION with this propaganda the daily *communiqués* sent out by both armies—in fact by most of the armies on all sides—were strangely affected. It became necessary, in all of them, to *tell the truth*. It is impossible to convince a man in a yellow pamphlet while, on the same day, you lie to him in a wireless message. By the spring of 1916, when the wireless was fully established in all the armies and when both sides waited anxiously every day to catch the other's announcements, the game of the "poisoned arrow" entered, to a certain extent, into the *communiqués*. Hundreds of simple little sentences, sent around the world in various daily communications, seemingly intended for the consumption of billions of human beings, had really been written for one particular portion of the other fellow's army.

The Germans made it a point never to claim more ground than they had taken and, after a hard day's work on the front, every Allied soldier waited with interest to get the German *communiqué*. It often told them, better than did their own reports, exactly what had happened along their sector.

The British were as careful as the Germans. It is a fact that, during the last year of the war after every drive, the British, knowing the anxiety of the German soldier to see the British *communiqué*, made it a point always to claim *less* ground than had actually been gained. This served to mystify the German while, at

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Deutsche Kameraden!

Ihr wißt es ja,

gefährliche und unerbittliche Gegner.

Sobald aber der Kampf vorüber ist, zeigen sie sich als

gutherzige Menschen.

Sollte Euch Euer Weg nach unseren Linien führen, weil Ihr Euch vielleicht auf Patrouille verirrt habt oder etwa aus Ekel vor dem sinnlosen Blutvergießen,

so fürchtet Euch nicht.

Es wird Euch kein Leid angetan!

Es sind in dieser Beziehung den französischen Truppen strenge Befehle erteilt worden.

Hier könnt Ihr sehen, wie Eure gefangenen Kameraden bei uns behandelt werden

This "poisoned arrow" nailed a German lie, a poster dropped on the German lines by the Propaganda Department of the French Army, telling the Germans they would be decently treated if taken prisoners

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the same time, it gained his confidence in the British news and the lack of British brag. In this matter of underclaiming, incidentally, the British propaganda bureau, under Lord Northcliffe, put perhaps the finishing touches on the finesse of sky propaganda when, on the day after each drive, they dropped on the enemy lines hundreds of maps, prepared in offices where men worked throughout the night, showing the objectives gained as always being less than they really were.

THE spring of 1917 saw the "poisoned arrow departments" of the Allies preparing to maintain a night-and-day barrage not only on the German lines but on the entire German people. In the French army the propaganda department came under what was known as the "*Douzième Bureau*"; in the British it was openly known as the "Propaganda Bureau of the Intelligence Department"; and later, in the American Army, it came under what was known as "G2."

What to send into Germany was one problem of these departments; how to send it was another. The first problem was solved by good sound news-getting and by psychology; the second was a problem of mechanics and outwitting the enemy.

From the first the editors of the air propaganda, including later some of the most intelligent members of the American Committee on Public Information, determined to tell nothing but the truth—and a lot of it.

The mechanical department of the air propaganda service spared no brains or expense in supplying the means of getting the product of the editorial departments into the hands of the enemy.

Airplanes could not always be used, as they were required for fighting. Small balloons filled with coal gas often took their place. I have seen a tin frame, the size of a dressing-table mirror, strung with a tinder tape which burnt an inch every five minutes, on which, in loops of the tinder string, were hung thirty-five or forty propaganda messages in tin cylinders. This frame, attached to a small balloon two and a half feet in diameter, was sent into the sky after its fuse had been touched with fire. An hour would elapse before the first cylinder would fall; and every five minutes, thereafter, for more than two hours, the burning fuse would drop on German soil a message of truth.

Tin cylinders, corked at each end, were prepared by scores of thousands and taken to Switzerland to be dropped into the Rhine when filled with truth, and floated into the Rhine provinces.

I have seen, also, sardine and herring tins, so weighted that one of them would correspond exactly with a filled tin. These tins were sent to French prisoners in German camps and were so marked that the French prisoners recognized them as propaganda tins and would not open them but would leave them lying about their camps to be stolen by the hungry German guards.

Shells were devised that could be thrown several miles with messages and explode lightly, without tearing the pamphlets.

Now and then, when reliable news reached the intelligence departments that a certain district of Germany might be ready to receive the truth about the war, a brave French or English soldier, expert in the German tongue, would be put down into Germany by some expert flyer like Vedrines, carrying documents full of truth for distribution in the specified section.

As these mechanical means of reaching the enemy became more and more elaborate, the editorial departments felt free to exercise their utmost talents in preparing the truth for German consumption. Stories of Belgian atrocities, calmly told, intended to attract the attention and enlist the repugnance of whatever decent-minded Germans still remained, were sent into the very heart of Germany by the various mechancial devices, and were dropped by airplane in the very interior of the unhappy land.

The Captain Fryatt story was told in the same fashion.

The entry of Rumania into the war, the various successes of the Czechoslovaks in Russia, and other news calculated to disturb the German citizenry, were dropped in pamphlet stories from the sky, or sent down by river to the Rhine district, where German troops were abundant.

"WHAT complaints are the Germans making regarding their own government or their own officers? What are their chief doubts? What big questions are they asking about the war?"

These were the points to which the propaganda departments directed much of their attention.

Men dressed as German prisoners were often put into the prisoner cages whenever a new batch of prisoners was taken, to hear what complaints they had to make of their officers. Editions of the air pamphlets were issued immediately and dropped over the division from which these prisoners had been captured, playing up the faults which the officers of the division had committed in the recent drive.

Spies were often sent into Germany for the sole purpose of learning what the German folks behind the lines were talking about, in order to furnish material for the pamphlet departments.

The entry of America into the war furnished the supreme occasion for the "poisoned arrow" bureaus of the armies. So many hundreds of thousands of pamphlets, indeed millions, were needed to tell the Germans the great news, that the military printing offices could not meet the demand. Printers in London and Paris were put to work. No single newspaper ever sent out such an issue as was sent out into the air on that April day. Squads of airplanes flew over the heart of Germany, dropping the little sheets which, like hurried extra editions, told the simple story. Balloons, shells, Rhine-floaters, every known means of communication was resorted to. The Allies knew that the German Government would try to keep the truth from the German people and they resolved that the German people *must* know.

Wilson's speeches followed later. They were printed in every dialect in Germany and dropped, whenever possible, in the proper district.

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The parts of the speeches that had been censored out by the officials in the German press were emphasized in the air pamphlets, to show the Germans how they were being fooled.

When the first Americans landed, Germany learned the news in scores of ways. There was another terrific rush of aerial newsboys from one end of Germany to the other.

The failure of the Teutonic submarines to prevent American arrivals was told to Germany by the air route.

The weekly figures on the arrival of American troops in France were published, in tons of pamphlets.

On the same day that America learned, through the War Department, that the million mark of arrivals had been reached, hundreds of thousands of Germans, both military and civilian, got the same news from the sky.

When the Americans got their propaganda department working in Paris, they often made use of the Lafayette squadron of flyers, who dropped pamphlets in remote corners of Germany and then fought their way back to the American lines.

The last big and crushing news that was dropped into Germany told of the Bulgarian *débâcle*. The plea of the Bulgars for peace set the printing presses of scores of plants in France and England to work. Great bales of the pamphlets were carried to the front by motor. Like a devastating blizzard this snowstorm of news fell on the German lines, on German camps, into German villages, and into German cities.

"That was the biggest news we sent into Germany," said an expert of the air-propaganda department, speaking of the Bulgarian *débâcle*. "If Von Hindenburg called our air messages poisoned arrows, then that Bulgarian arrow hit Germany right in the centre of the heart. We could see her crumple up, after that."

Whether the Teutons, at the time, trusted all the messages that came to them by stealth from the Allies is not known. Many prisoners were taken who carried such messages in their pockets. Many homes have been found in which such messages had been saved.

But now, with the war ended—and it is a pride of the propaganda departments that this can be said—not a single German can point to a single message that told an untruth.

By Von Hindenburg's own words, it was the truth that poisoned and destroyed Germany.

This tin frame, strung with a long fuse, was attached to a small balloon and sent over the enemy lines. As each loop of the fuse burned it dropped a message

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MY MOTHER'S HANDS

By Emily Frances Robbins

Decoration by Franklin Booth

THE most beautiful sight in this world to me is my mother's hands. Perfect models conceived by great artists do not hold for me such beauty; for how little can they stir the memories and emotions which the sight of my mother's hands awakes.

When I have been long away from home, deep concerned in the present with its harassment and many sighs, my childhood becomes a dream, its dear happiness an unreality. I return to the old home. My mother sits in her accustomed place. As she works busily with her needle, I steal a quiet look at her, with my own thoughts. I notice how white her hair has grown, I discover little changes of age in her throat, and pity rises in me. Then, always as a new surprise in their familiarity, I see her hands—none but my mother's! Those are the hands that had the power to heal in all my young illnesses; their touch was reassurance, their caress on my flesh brought peace, and sleep, and health.

In those hands, all those happy days become real. I am a child again. I run out of doors to the excitement of the spring. The early morning sun lies warm on the tops of the pine trees, where a great chorus of hidden robins is chirruping. The little pond below lies peaceful, prettily beckoning me as a comrade to come and play.

Or it is the hot, droning midsummer. I am roaming—a free, wild thing through the perfumed woods—dawdling along the pine-needled lane, until I glimpse beyond through an opening a blue strip of sea, when my heart gives a great bound and I spring forward with eagerness.

Or it is winter, and night. The wind is soughing and moaning through the pine grove, the snow and sleet are driving against the window panes. I lie in bed on my mother's arm, hugged close to her warm body, a safe haven, my hand over her young breast. And carried through the long dark mystery, I gradually awake to know again that it is morning, and peep below the window curtain to discover that the ground is white, that the sun is dancing and glinting.

As my mother's hands work on busily, I see them now and I see them as they used to be. Once those dear hands were shapely and smooth and white. How vivaciously they sped over the piano keys, in days when there were music and happy things. What long hard years since then! Would that I could pay back some smallest measure of the price recorded in those hands. How they have worked, how they have toiled, with broom, with rolling pin, with steaming suds, and ever and ever with the needle, long into the late evening, creating needed things, or setting something right, working, working, working that I might play, holding the structure of the world intact. How wonderful are hands! If I could see all together, all in one great mound, just the product of that little pair of hands, how it would reach into the sky—and most of it for me.

With a pang I look ahead. Must I ever gaze the last upon her hands? In the dreaded years to come, how I shall long to see again—what price would I not pay once more to look upon her hands. In all the secret magnitude of my love, have I appreciated those precious hands? Could I have better shared their burdens, eased their toil? Dear hands—have I deserved?

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The final payment had been made. It was the earth, good will to men" that those young Amer-

THE THING

By William

Illustration by

THE thunderous, deadly tumult of war was done, and the incredible silence of peace lay like an enchantment over an American infantry regiment in open camp on a pounded hill, where it had recently paid its tragic share of life for Victory.

The reckoning of its expenditure was writ on the field all about in the monotonous chirography of death —a board cross by that shell hole, three more in yonder hollow, a half dozen of them by that little patch of woods half way up the hill slope, yet others scattered along the ridge. Every small cross recorded the supreme payment of life made by an American boy for the victory that had just come to pass.

The final payment had been made. It was the evening of the fourth day of the new "Peace on earth, good will to men" that those young American boys had died in France to bring about.

In the dusk of that fourth day I sat with a sergeant of the regiment on the wall of a shattered house and watched a thousand fires flare into bloom on the dark hillside. Realization of the end of the war was progressive. The sight of those camp fires filled me with a moving renewal of understanding that it was really all over!

Light and heat! No one who has not been forced to live in cold and darkness can know what they mean. That night for the first time I saw the Army in the field with fires lit. They had fought and won, and the first reward of their victory was the primeval privilege of fire! They were glorious signals, flaming confirmation of the incredible end of the sordid, raging horror, as fact. No more clean, game young American boys lying emptied of life in the trampled mud like looted sacks tossed carelessly aside! No more bloody, breathing wrecks of young American manhood in which the remnant of life was no more than a capacity for suffering! No more terrified waitings nor sudden heart-break of mothers and fathers, wives and sweethearts back home The incredible horror was unbelievably over!

"Well, she's finis, old man," I said to the sergeant beside me

"All over," he agreed soberly. "Kinder hard to believe, ain't it?"

"Sure is. How do you feel about it?"

"Well, sir, that's kinder funny," the sergeant answered me thoughtfully. "A week ago, when we was fightin' in the line an' the boys were gettin' pepped off all around me, if anybody'd asked me how I'd feel when it all ended, I could easy o' told 'em—but what

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evening of the fourth day of the new "Peace on ican boys had died in France to bring about

H E M I S S E D

Slavens McNutt

Hawthorne Howland

I'd o' told 'em wouldn't o' been so. Why, while it was goin' on I thought that when it ended—if I was alive to see that time—that I'd be so dawggone happy I'd be yoopin' around raisin' high-hell for weeks. Yes, sir! I figured that when it ended I'd be so tickled I'd likely make myself real hard to handle for a while. You know it didn't work out like that at all! Course, just first off a man didn't feel like it was really sure enough over; but when I did come to sense that it was the end o' the war, I felt like I'd lost somethin' I wanted to keep. Can you beat that? I felt kinder like you do when—you're homesick. I felt like I had a kinder hankerin' for somethin' that was gone when the war stopped."

"Didn't you get enough Heinies while the getting was good?" I asked. "You must be a bloodthirsty guy."

"Not me!" he declared emphatically. "I got enough o' war to last all o' my family for the next ten generations. Think I like scrappin' around in mud holes night an' day, and suffocatin' in a gas mask, an' goin' hungry an' cold an' livin' where there ain't room enough between the machine gun bullets an' shrapnel for a man *to* live 'thout usin' up a life time's ordinary luck every ten minutes, an' all the time seein' good buddies that come over with me gettin' blown—all to nothin'? Think I'd *like* any part o' that? Why say, they could take just a half o' what I think o' war an' cut it up into enough peaceable ideas to keep all the soldiers in the world out of a job for the next hundred years! That's what makes it so funny to me that I should feel so kinder homesick an' like I'd lost somethin'."

It was with every one in the Army just after war ended, that sense of the loss of something valued. There was nothing strange about it. It was simple and pathetic. *The sergeant missed the hourly evidence of the indestructible nobility of humanity, of which every hour of the war furnished such indisputable evidence.*

He missed the clear vision of the Christ image, the will for the ultimate earthly sacrifice in the name of humanity, printed plain on the truly revealed souls of Tom and Dick and Harry and Joe and Bill and Eddie! He missed the proof of the divine spark of selfless love eternally in and of humanity, and demanding only the breath of an understood human need to fan it to the purest flame of sacrificial devotion!

Looking into the peace of the future he judged it by the peace of the past; and viewed from the heights

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of himself that war had revealed, it was a monotonous flatness of selfish, trivial existence that left him dreary with a sense of loss.

Germany was the complete and supremely logical expression of selfish, materialistic philosophy, and the world opposition to her was Humanity's answer to the law of the wolf pack as logically applied to civilization. Humanity rejected that law and crushed out those who would impose it.

But the mere rejection of a bad law is only part insurance of proper order. To complete the insurance the adoption of a good law is necessary.

The antithesis of supreme bad must be supreme good. The exact opposite of the thing we most abhor is the thing we most like. The thing that the civilized world most abhorred, the thing that millions of men denied with their lives, the thing that millions of women gave their sons, husbands, sweethearts to crush, was the selfish materialistic philosophy—the law of the wolf pack—completely expressed by Germany. The antithesis of the wolf pack law is Christianity. The exact opposite of the philosophy of the Kaiser is found in the teachings of Christ. The manhood and womanhood of the civilized world willingly gave of itself unto death to reject the one; and in the willingness of that giving, offered proof of the will and ability to accept and be ruled by the other.

Confronted by the alternatives of charity and kindness, or wolf pack rule, of selfishness or sacrifice, of Christ or Kaiser, humanity demonstrated its kinship in will and action with Him who laid down his life on Calvary. The horror of sacrifice is done. Must the lesson of that sacrifice be lost? Must we descend from the heights of ourselves that the war revealed? Must we be less kind, less charitable, less willing to be in practical fact our brother's keeper in our brother's need? Must we deny in peace the nobility of which war has proven us capable? Must we thus accept in victory a considerable part of that selfish and materialistic philosophy of which beaten Germany was a complete and supremely logical expression? Must the sergeant —must we all— miss the one thing of the war that was fine? 'Have a "hankern' 'for somethin' that was gone when the war stopped"?

I thought of all those things as I sat on that shattered wall with the sergeant and watched a thousand fires flare into bloom on the dark hillside. They were glorious signals, those fires, flaming confirmation of the unbelievable end of the sordid, raging horror, as fact. Were they also, necessarily, the funeral fires of that fine something that the sergeant missed?

I thought then of the reckoning of that regiment's expenditure of life, writ on the fields all about in the monotonous chirography of death; the pitiful lonely little board crosses each recording the supreme payment of life by an American boy for the victory that had just come to pass.

I wasn't thinking much about the peace terms that might be dictated to Germany, as I sat there in the dark. I was wondering if the dictation of peace terms to Germany was the only good that was to come of it all. I was wondering whether those clean, game young American boys, whose shattered dead bodies lay in the earth under those pitiful lonely little board crosses, had died only to make a world safe for democracy, or if, by any chance, their supreme sacrifice was added power to the word of the Man of Nazareth to make the world practicable for the rule of that charitable Justice that we call Christianity.

THE BLIND

By Thelma Stillson

I KNOW a garden where the sunlight spills
In liquid gold across the pleasant walks,
Where all the air to rampant beauty thrills,
And crimson roses riot on their stalks.

Long vistas, green and spacious, stretch away,
With many a knoll and mystic fairy glen;
And through the garden, bright day after day,
Singing and smiling, go the blinded men.

Truly they cannot know the sunlight's glow,
On in the Darkness, on and on they plod;
And yet it always seems to me they go
Walking in light, who gave their eyes to God.

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THE MARCH OF THE RED CROSS

FOR the Red Cross to-day conditions in Europe have made necessary a tremendous extension of work. So great is the change, indeed, that it may almost be said to have entered upon a new phase—that of bringing emergency aid to the destitute peoples of a war-cursed world.

Since March 3rd, for instance, the Red Cross has been in Poland, arriving a hundred strong and armed with twenty-five cars of medicines and supplies. Affairs there are even worse than at first appeared. The Polish people have been living since 1914 with the threat of hunger at the door of every home. As a result typhus has broken out in more than twenty cities and in numerous towns and villages. Along with this dread disease have gone smallpox and trachoma, until to-day there are places in Poland which present almost the last word in the tragic tale of human misery. At Pinsk, for instance, is an orphan asylum where sixty little children perished of hunger and typhus. In solitary thatched huts whole families lie dying. So terrible have been the results of war and pestilence, that many villages of more than a thousand population now house but little more than a hundred people. Brest-Litovsk, before the war one of Russia's most prosperous railroad centres, is now one of the most desolate spots in Europe, a majority of its modern buildings in ruins and its remaining 15,000 inhabitants in the grip of starvation and disease. No street is without its typhus case and in many instances whole familes are ill with the disease. It has spread to the forts surrounding the city, which are now used as homes by the refugees. In one of the forts 150 peasants are living in dugouts formerly used by Russian troops. Hunger has made necessary the use of such things as potato peelings, dirty rye, tree bark, and other refuse as a substitute for bread.

In April even these substitutes were almost exhausted and peasants crawled by the roadside, begging for food, or lay dying in the fields.

The first act of the Red Cross upon entering was to make a fifteen hundred mile survey of the country. In the larger cities they were besieged by the inhabitants for news of relatives in America. In Kelm alone more than five hundred women, who had not heard from their husbands for four years, hurried to their homes to reappear a few minutes later with hastily written letters which they gave to the Americans.

As a result of the survey, work in Warsaw was immediately begun—the workers distributing milk and delicacies to sick mothers and children, giving clothing, blankets, and shoes wherever necessary, and establishing dispensaries to relieve sickness and suffering. Then they telegraphed for more help and began extending the work to the other cities of Poland. To-day

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supplies and reinforcements are going in weekly and the Red Cross is firmly established.

So widespread is the suffering and distress, however, that only a slight beginning has been made upon a task of tremendous magnitude, a task which only the Allied Governments can finish. From all over Poland there pour into the Red Cross Mission in Warsaw reports of misery and still more misery in the mining districts, in the big textile centres, in the country villages, and in Warsaw itself, swollen now to a population of a million. The Allied Food Commission is rapidly taking care of the worst of the famine district but even this is not sufficient to control the situation.

From the south come reports of appalling conditions where delousing stations must be established if the spread of typhus is to be checked. In these localities soap has long since ceased to exist and children of five do not know what to do with soap when it is given to them. Here the Red Cross must hold disease in check until the struggling Polish Government can establish its own national health forces.

Despite difficulties, Paderewski's regime is providing municipal soup kitchens to feed the unemployed population, many of whom are idle owing to lack of raw materials in the mills which have been dismantled of their machinery by the Germans; but owing to political difficulties, it can do little more at the moment.

Here is a situation with which the world must deal and which the Red Cross at the present time is trying to save from utter disaster. It is now evident that the two million dollars appropriated for relief to Poland will do no more than scratch the surface.

IN FRANCE, meanwhile, curiously enough the work of the Red Cross, with the single exception of the hospital work, seems to grow greater instead of less. So far from being in a position to close up its activities in France, it is confronted by all the emergencies contingent on the new dispositions of the American Army.

Canteen work has expanded with the homeward movement of troops so that it is working now at greater speed than ever.

In Paris, which has been made one of the leave areas of the American Army, a series of officers' and men's hotels are being opened gradually and maintained so that the soldiers may be able to spend their hard earned vacation days to the best advantage in that crowded city. No longer are American soldiers to wander the streets at night looking for any kind of shelter, or American officers to be forced to take rooms far beyond their means in order to enjoy a few days of civilization. In these hotels meals are served at prices far lower than those of other first class Parisian hotels. Pajamas, toilet articles, and many other things are supplied free of charge; and in the newspaper stands in the lobbies are the familiar cigars, cigarettes, and candy of the distant U.S.A. In Bordeaux, likewise, a hotel has been opened under this same plan, which is proving itself of the greatest possible value in the leave areas of the Army.

From the work which is being done for the French and Belgian civilian populations, three or four things stand out. In northern France and Belgium seven depots have been established from which clothing is being distributed to the destitute. Those already in operation are at Lille, Amiens, Laon, Mazières, and Verdun in France, and at Adinkerke and Bruges in Belgium. As the people straggle back into the towns of the destroyed areas they must enter from one of these towns. So great has been the need for all things during the war that few refugees have been able to buy clothing or even to keep what they had in good condition. As they go back to their destroyed villages now, they find that they should have brought with them everything to sustain life in the broken stone houses and rubbish-lined streets where they must build their homes anew. As a result of this situation the Red Cross has undertaken to supply as much clothing as is possible. At the present time many thousands of articles are being shipped and distributed from these depots, the practical result of the March drive for clothing carried on in America.

To-day, indeed, sees an odd reversal of the refugee situation of last year. Into all the northern railway stations of Paris and other cities crowd the same thousands of people carrying back to the battle-fields the same beds, bureaus, and bird cages which they struggled so hard to save from the invading Hun a year ago. The refugees returning to the Marne alone number more than hundred thousand.

When these people reach such towns as Rheims, they find civilization practically vanished. Rheims to-day is merely a great battered ruin traversed by winding roadways lined with heaps of brick and mortar. There are no food supplies, stores, hotels. To alleviate this situation somewhat, canteens were established of which the first was begun last winter in Rheims as an offshoot of the Chalons canteen and which, within a week after its installation, was feeding the first thousand people who had come back to the cathedral city. Soon after, beds were installed and five hundred people housed every night. In the future, arrangements have been made so that all work in these sections will be done in connection with and under the direction of the various French societies best fitted to handle it.

IN SOUTHEASTERN Europe, especially in Czechoslovakia, Serbia, Montenegro, and Rumania, the situation is extremely distressing. For years these countries have been cut off from all raw materials and the average increase in prices has been about 1,000 per cent. For instance, last December, in the town of Skoplje, in Serbia, a pair of shoes cost 180 francs. A considerable portion of the people were unable to leave their houses because they had no shoes and insufficient clothing. Illness, sickness, and death were widespread as the result of conditions unimaginable to any one who had not seen them. The hospitals were without bandages, the patients often dressed in rags. In Serbia new-born babies were wrapped in paper for want of necessary clothing. Even in the coldest weather of last winter hundreds of thousands of people in Rumania went barefoot.

It is this condition of affairs which the Red Cross

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Commission to the Balkans, which has lately moved its headquarters from Rome to Saloniki, is still struggling to alleviate. Great difficulty has been experienced due to the distance of these countries from America and even from France as a source of supplies. The situation has been made doubly difficult by the lack of transportation—a difficulty hard for us in this country to visualize.

In Montenegro, nevertheless, a country with which the war dealt very harshly, hospitals and distributing bases have been established. At Nitschick and also at Dulcigno on the Adriatic, a hospital, a warehouse, and a convalescent home have been planned, with the headquarters of all the work at Podgoritza. In consultation with the Serbian Government Committee of Five at Cettinje, the Red Cross Commission has already prepared a survey of the country and is planning a system of village distribution through local committees so that existing machinery may be utilized wherever possible.

Hundreds of Red Cross workers, doctors, nurses, and social workers, are pushing forward, followed by supplies and medicines of all descriptions.

An idea of what they are finding may be gotten from a single happening encountered on the way to Uskub in Serbia. In an old Turkish inn, part of which had been given over to horses and oxen, large numbers of men, women, and children, weak from sickness and lack of food, were lying about on the floor, propped up on the family belongings and huddled in an atmosphere of filth and desolation. The Red Cross workers got the most serious cases to the nearest hospital and then served milk to the women and children, the first real nourishment they had had in weeks. Then mattresses and blankets were furnished them and they were started toward their homes on the Albanian border.

Many nationalities—Syrians, Armenians, Jews, and Turks —are being cared for by the Syrian and Palestine Relief Fund

IN GREECE the Red Cross activities have been many and varied and, while the problems have been difficult, particularly through obstructive tactics by the Bulgarians, the workers have been greatly aided by the Greek Government officials and the Allied military authorities.

In eastern Macedonia stations have been established for the distribution of clothing and food to deported Greeks who were returning to their homes. Daily rations issued in this district have totalled more than four hundred and eleven thousand. In the Islands 52,000 rations provided by the Greek Government were distributed, 26,000 refugees were assisted, and more than 64,000 garments were given out. The work spread into Bulgaria and there nearly 60,000 rations were distributed, 35,000 refugees assisted, and 68,800 garments given Greek refugees.

At Mitylene more than 25,000 persons were extended relief. Nearly 65,000 garments were issued, four hospitals were helped, 133 beds and equipments pro-

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The American Red Cross at Vodena, Macedonia, where it is feeding the people of the town

vided, and nine cases of medical supplies furnished. On the island there are forty-two distribution points, serving sixty-five towns and villages.

The difficulties of transportation are tremendous. Transportation into the mountain district of Pangaeon was at first by ox teams, requisitioned by the Governor of Thessalonica, which were later replaced by mule transport provided by the Greek Army. All supplies shipped by sea from Italy to Greece, from Piraeus to Salonica, and from Salonica or Stavros to Kavalla, are carried on ships requisitioned by the Greek Government. Sea transportation at Mitylene was provided at first by steam and gasolene launches furnished by the Governor of Lesbos, and later by six submarine chasers of the American Navy.

SEEN in retrospect, the war conditions of 1914-1918 appear static when compared with the shifting, unstable condition of so-called peace which the world is now enjoying. To the Red Cross this state of affairs presents great difficulties. The situation in Siberia is a case in point. A few months ago the Red Cross had established a relief front eight hundred miles from Vladivostok, against which the Czechs could lean with the assurance of support. There was, for instance, a hospital of 200 beds in Vladivostok, another of eighty in Harbin, and still another of 150 at Buchedoo. There were supplies of various kinds along the line, and two sanitary trains in operation for the evacuation of the wounded.

Then suddenly the victorious Czechoslovaks emerged from Siberia, cut their way through Transbaikalia, and extended their lines to the Ural Mountains. And with their entire army of sixty thousand, there were only fifteen doctors and nine nurses, without drugs or surgical equipment! Plainly, something had to be done.

Reinforcements had to be dispatched as speedily as possible, nurses and doctors sent forward at once, and supply trains sent on to Omsk. Despite the tremendous difficulties of transportation, this was accomplished and a hospital of 1,000 beds established. As a result a chain of Red Cross hospitals now stretches across Siberia into European Russia, with buildings in Vladivostok, Harbin, Buchedoo, Omsk, Tiumen, Cheliabinsk, and Petropavlovsk.

Everywhere in this vast released territory, nevertheless, there are still conditions of abject misery among the civilian population. Old men, women, and children by the thousands have drifted into Siberia from the valley of the Volga. Urgent problems of feeding, clothing, and caring for the sick still present themselves upon a large scale, and must be met by a series of relief trains laden with good food, clothing and medical supplies of tremendous value to the half starved and homeless people. These facts, perhaps, make more vivid the reason why the Red Cross recently shipped to Siberia nearly four hundred thousand yards of bathrobing and thirty thousand blankets, the whole worth more than half a million dollars.

It is an interesting fact that, with this extension of the Czechoslovak front, the Red Cross has almost encircled the world, the circle being complete when once the men from the Omsk front make touch with the Red Cross men in northern Russia at the top of the world. So far, supplies to the value of about a million and a half dollars have been sent to Archangel. A 100-bed American hospital has been established, ten thousand children are fed at midday every day, and a weekly newspaper is being published in English by a Red Cross man for the benefit of the doughboys.

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